SPECIAL INAUGURAL ISSUE

the weekly Standard

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IN 1999, CONGRESS PASSED LANDMARK LEGISLATION to modernize our financial system. THIS NEW LAW CREATES SWEEPING NEW PRIVACY PROTECTIONS FOR CONSUMERS OF FINANCIAL SERVICES. Implementing this new privacy law is a monumental undertaking and will require an unprecedented joint effort between our nation's financial institutions and the state and federal regulatory authorities charged with its enforcement.

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The new law applies only to financial institutions, not to other kinds of businesses. But as the most extensive privacy protection law ever enacted at the federal level, it sets a standard that other types of businesses would do well to follow. Your financial service companies are proud to be a part of this comprehensive and common sense approach to protecting consumer privacy.

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Note to readers: Next week's issue will be printed a day later than usual, to allow coverage of the January 20 swearing-in ceremony and George W. Bush's Inaugural Address.

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the weekly Standard

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The Ashcroft Files

A Democratic operative named Marc Farinella managed the late Missouri governor Mel Carnahan's successful bid to unseat then-senator John Ashcroft in last November's election. Now Farinella has made opposition research he collected in that campaign available to interest groups attempting to block Ashcroft's nomination to be George W. Bush's attorney general. Farinella, with 15 to 20 fat file boxes, has taken up residence in the Washington offices of People for the American Way (PFAW), whom he is helping shop dirt on Ashcroft.

Allies of Ashcroft complain that any such "oppo" material properly belongs to the Carnahan campaign, not to Farinella, and that it is inappropriate and prejudicial for Sen. Jean Carnahan—who will sit in judgment on the Ashcroft nomination—to have authorized her late husband's political documents to be used this way. Mrs. Carnahan responds that Farinella is acting on his own. Farinella, for his part, contends that his files contain only materials already in "the public domain"—and that "if someone would like access to them, they can call me and I would be happy to provide it as long as the request is reasonable."

To test this last proposition, last Thursday THE SCRAPBOOK sent reporter Jennifer Kabbany to PFAW, where she very politely asked for a peek at Farinella's stuff. Farinella asked her what she was up to. Kabbany replied that she'd seen news accounts in which he'd promised to make his files fully available to the media. Farinella frowned, and then said: "Very quickly, then. Five minutes."

Four minutes later, after Kabbany had fingered through a sheaf of photocopied news clippings about the marijuana-possession arrests of Ashcroft's nephew, Farinella returned to the room, clasped his hands, set his jaw, and shut her down.

Also Thursday, White House hatchet man Sidney Blumenthal sent an e-mail message about John Ashcroft to his standard list of journalist buddies (see "Sid's List" in last week's SCRAPBOOK).

Sid's message referred addressees to those Farinella-file highlights that PFAW has posted on a special website, *opposeashcroft.com*. We're guessing that anyone who arrives at PFAW's offices and says "Blumenthal sent me" will be received rather differently than our reporter was. ♦

Fake Tocqueville's Valedictory Lap

On January 7 at Washington's Foundry United Methodist Church, Bill Clinton gave a short speech expressing his deepest, sincerest, most heartfelt gratitude to all us little people who've showered him with love and respect these past eight years. And what better way to cap off this bit of ersatz sentiment—and his presidency—than with the ersatz quotation he has forever made his own? Yes, SCRAPBOOK devotees, it's Clinton's fake Tocqueville gambit, for the umpteenth time:

"I thank you all for your prayers and your welcome to all of us in the storm and sunshine of these last eight years. I will always have wonderful memories of every occasion where we passed the peace—for all the people, young and old, who came up to me and said a kind word of welcome, to remind me that no matter what was going on in Washington, D.C., at the moment, there was a real world out there, with real people and real hearts and minds, reaffirming the timeless wisdom of de Tocqueville's observation so long ago: that America is great because America is good."

That "timeless wisdom" business is a particularly mordant touch, given that the quotation is timelessly bogus, as has been repeatedly pointed out on this page and elsewhere. Anyone who employs it thus reveals himself an ignoramus. Speaking of which: Just for the record, Mr. President, when you're referring to his family name, the non-author of your favorite non-aphorism is simply "Tocqueville," not "de Tocqueville." ♦

Even Educated Fleas Do It

Last August, Radio Netherlands reported that Amsterdam's Artis Zoo would begin conducting lectures and tours designed to "show off its homo- and bisexual beasts." THE SCRAPBOOK is not making this up—and apologizes for not passing it along sooner.

"The idea behind it," zoo director Maarten Frankenhuis explained at the time, "is to show that homosexuality is a natural phenomenon." Artis, it turns out, boasts a lesbian chimpanzee, at least two geese in a long-term gay "marriage," and a flamingo lake stocked with birds who enjoy same-sex orgies. In the animal kingdom, according to Dr. Frankenhuis, none of this is considered peculiar, because non-human species "only have to listen to the bible of nature." And visitors to his zoo quickly realize that "they themselves, or their sons or daughters, aren't peculiar, either—they just belong to a minority."

What kind of minority, precisely? Here Dr. Frankenhuis unwittingly stepped on his own message. For it turns out that animal homosexuality is "usually temporary." As soon as young boy beasts "manage to become the dominant male in the group, they will then mate with females exclusively."

In other words, the lesson would seem to be: Gay people are like animals rejected as too weak or otherwise unattractive by their opposite-sex counterparts. That can't be right, can it? ♦

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Old-Time Tradition

From a January 10 Associated Press dispatch: "President-elect Bush has decided not to include a poet at his inauguration. A spokeswoman for the Presidential Inaugural Committee, Natalie Rule, cited no reason for his decision. John F. Kennedy started the tradition of having a poet speak at the inauguration in 1961 with Robert Frost, but no other president followed suit until President Clinton."

As Mickey Kaus pointed out on his *kausfiles.com* site, "What kind of a 'tradition' is it if nobody followed it?" Kaus's answer: "Guess it's a tradition if a) Kennedy did it; b) two Democrats do it; or c) the unconsciously-biased arts-lovin' Camelot-besotted liberal media elite wants it to be a tradition!" ♦

Police Blotter

Lawyers for Indonesian businessman James Riady last week reached agreement with federal prosecutors on a plea bargain by which Riady will avoid serving time in prison. Instead, Riady will pay hefty fines and admit guilt in a scheme to make felonious financial contributions to the Democratic party during the 1992 presidential campaign.

As part of this bargain, federal prosecutors demanded that Riady confirm accounts of a conversation he was alleged to have had with his friend Bill Clinton that year. The story was that the two men met in the backseat of Riady's limousine to discuss the Indonesian's eventually successful plan to make $1 million in disguised, foreign contributions to Clinton's election effort. The story, James Riady now acknowledges, was true.

Needless to say, Bill Clinton, who lies the way fish swim, has testified under oath that he has no "specific recollection" of either the talk with Riady or the "fact of the car ride." ♦

Can I Bring My Mom?

For many years now, the U.S. Army has enforced a highly successful "don't ask, don't tell" policy. To wit: The Army has long privately acknowledged —and accepted—the fact that some of its recruits are individual human beings, while officially and publicly discouraging the individualist lifestyle on grounds that it undermines the collective discipline and "unit cohesion" necessary in an effective fighting force. That's why, for example, the Army has always made its grunts wear indistinguishable uniforms and cut their hair really short.

Well, reform is under way it seems, at least at the level of rhetoric. Last week, top Army officials announced the first major change in their recruitment advertising since 1981. No longer will potential enlistees receive an invitation to "be all that you can be" on the Army team. Now they will be informed that it isn't really a team at all—that they can be "An Army of One" if they prefer.

As presumably they do. The new slogan, Secretary of the Army Louis Caldera explains, emphasizes the "personal transformation" young men and women can achieve in the service. "Today's youth want to feel empowered to make a difference individually *and* as a group." THE SCRAPBOOK would have thought the ideal recruit would want to feel empowered to kill his nation's enemies. But, of course, THE SCRAPBOOK is hopelessly old-fashioned. ♦

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Casual

The Talkies

She's talking again. She's sitting behind me, a few seats to my left, and for the third time in the first few minutes of the Tom Hanks movie *Cast Away*, she's exchanging gossip with her companion at a normal conversational level.

I've twice tried to signal the need for silence with body language alone—shifting in my seat and turning my head in her direction—but she has ignored me. Now I have no choice but to speak. "Excuse me," I say, turning toward her, "but could you please keep it down?"

"What?" she says.

"The movie is on," I hiss.

"The hell with you," she says.

She's got a fur coat sitting in her lap and bright red hair. She's white, and short.

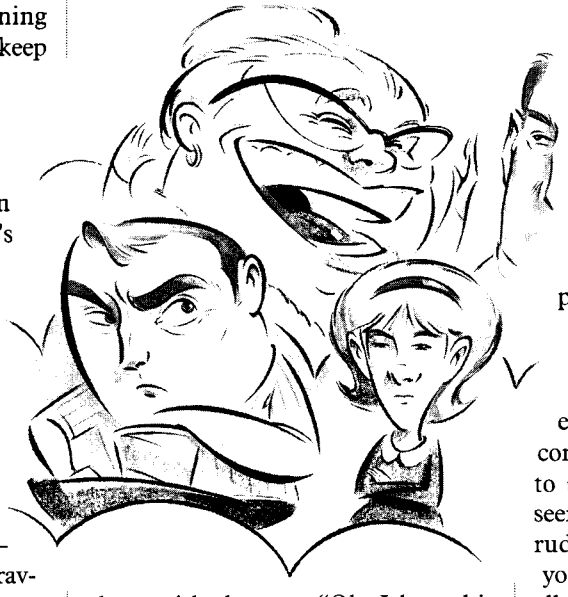
She's 75 years old if she's a day.

Many people have stopped going to the movies in the past two decades because their fellow audience members seem unable to keep quiet during the picture. This unmannerly conduct is usually ascribed to teenagers—inner-city youths especially, who travel in packs and giggle-snort in ways that suggest they've done drugs or imbibed alcohol just before entering the auditorium. In cities, this obstreperousness has a menacing quality as well, as though the rowdy youths are spoiling for a fight.

This misbehavior has been the subject of cocktail-party sociology for years. Like: Kids are so used to watching movies on video in their living rooms that they don't know you're not supposed to talk in theaters. Or: The epidemic of fatherlessness has led to a fundamental lack of respect.

But in the past five years of movie- and theatergoing, by far the worst experiences I've had are with elderly audience members. This is especially true on Broadway, where ticket prices are so high that audiences are either bizarrely young (at Disney shows like *The Lion King* and *Beauty and the Beast*) or predominantly over 50. The children are unquestionably the better behaved.

I've seen the wonderful revival of *Kiss Me Kate* three times, and each time I've been seated near senior citizens who think nothing of singing



along with the cast. "Oh, I love this song," a woman said as Marin Mazzie began performing "So in Love." The lyrics go: "So taunt me, and hurt me / Deceive me, desert me." The woman didn't know the lyrics, so she chimed in with "Da da da, Da dya dum / Dum da dee, dee dya DYA"—building to a fortissimo as she went along.

Her ticket cost $90, so perhaps she felt as though she were entitled to join in. But then, so did mine.

The phenomenon is not limited to musicals. At straight plays, one is usually assaulted by the "What did he say?" phenomenon. At *Copenhagen*, a play about nuclear physics so boring that a friend kept himself awake by counting the floorboards on stage (67, he said), the characters talk about the development of the atom bomb in highly technical language.

"What did he say?" a gentleman in the fifth row asked his wife, almost as loudly as the actor, Philip Bosco, was delivering his monologue.

"Something about atoms," she responded helpfully.

There's a powerful scene in a play called *Proof* in which the daughter of a schizophrenic mathematician discovers he's gone crazy again by reading aloud some gibberish from his notebook.

"What's she saying?" asked a woman behind me.

"She's very intelligent," her companion explained.

When teenagers are acting up, they are heedless. When the elderly act up like this, you know they know better—but they just don't care. They've lived a long time, they've served their country, they've paid their taxes, and they're going to speak or sing or have a conversation whenever they please.

It can be frightening to be in proximity to aggressively outspoken teenagers in a theater—though in my experience they settle down if you ask them to—but the emotions evoked by rude oldsters are far more complicated. It just doesn't feel right to shush your elders. But it doesn't seem any fairer to have to suffer their rudeness. In fact, it feels as though you're being taken advantage of. After all, when they were younger, they presumably had children whom they taught decent manners—and they presumably felt no compunction about shushing kids in theaters.

Is impending mortality such a burden that it justifies the suspension of common courtesy? Is the lack of concern for others ever acceptable? Shakespeare said the seventh and final age of man is characterized by "second childishness and mere oblivion"—not "obliviousness." Sure, these seniors are not about to shoot or knife you, but how can you be sure they won't hit you over the head with a cane if you ask them to be quiet?

John Podhoretz

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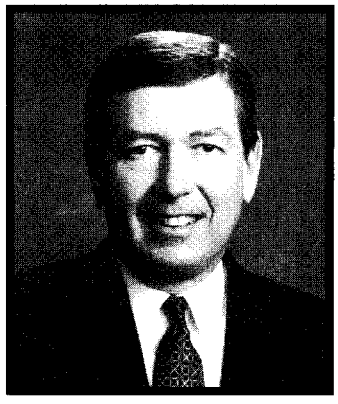
Dear United States Senators:

Do the right thing. Support the man you've known and worked with as a colleague and a friend. John Ashcroft is eminently qualified for the position of Attorney General. Do not let vicious and spurious attacks taint your view of a man whose unquestionable ethics and administrative capabilities would be a great addition to the Justice Department. He deserves your support.



"I believe he will be fair, he will be just."

- Abraham Foxman, National Director
Anti-Defamation League
(January 8, 2001, *Kansas City Star*)

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Uncandid Cameras

It was so encouraging, for a change, to read an accurate, unbiased article like "Lights, Camera, Intifada" (Jan. 1/Jan. 8). It's true that bits and pieces of the information contained in the article surface from time to time in other media, but Stephanie Gutmann has done truthful reporting a good turn, and I commend her and The Weekly Standard for printing her article in full.

I believe people with a short attention span who are used to receiving news via sound bites and sensational pictures plastered on the front pages of newspapers truly believe that Arab children are bravely standing alone and defying armed and murderous Israeli soldiers. How many bother to read the "fine print," or for that matter, believe the Israelis when they speak of armed snipers and armed fighters in the midst of these reckless children?

I fully sympathize with journalists who put themselves in dangerous situations, but I wish I could believe that they are similarly brave in making sure that the truth as they capture it in their camera lenses is reported to the world at large.

The examples Gutmann writes about show the true nature of the people who are engaged in the Intifada. If they had nothing to hide, they wouldn't take such extreme measures to suppress journalists and photographers.

Ruth Rosenfeld
Northbrook, IL

Stephanie Gutmann's "Lights, Camera, Intifada" exposes a raw nerve in the news industry. No one, whether in the field or in the home office, can ever admit that reporters work with guns to their heads. Yet every reporter in Israel knows what he or she can and cannot write or show without serious risk to life and limb.

Given this situation, the public will never have the opportunity to see film portraying such fundamental truths as Palestinian "rage" being mass produced in schools, Palestinian Authority ambulances bringing arms and rocks to the front lines, or rock-throwing Palestinian kids being used as shields. And if, heaven forbid, there were another gruesome lynching of a Jew, every reporter on the scene would feel the need to run for his life. It is pathetic that the very people who feel proud of being society's truth-tellers are so cowed that they cannot even report on how they are cowed.

Jay Sage
Newton Center, MA

I read with great amusement Stephanie Gutmann's article condemning the media's role in publicizing the Palestinian side of the current Mideast conflict. Though I consider myself fairly balanced on the issue, I find it hard to condemn people for bleeding after being shot, and condemn cameras and journalists for recording these events (unless, of course, Israel can furnish evidence that these people's injuries were not caused by either the Israeli Defense Force or Israeli settlers).

I agree with Gutmann that the Palestinian leadership is using the media to its advantage. But this is to be expected. The battle is being fought in the court of public opinion for the hearts and minds of the world. The Palestinians are an occupied people without a homeland, a modern standing army, or recognized political sovereignty—strikingly similar to pre-1948 Israel. Public opinion is their most powerful weapon.

Rather than condemn the Palestinians or journalists, Gutmann should castigate the Israeli government for continuing to permit new home construction in disputed territory, and playing into Arafat's hands with heavy-handed military responses and political assassinations. If we in the West seem to see more pictures of Palestinians wounded and dead, maybe it's because the Israeli government has provided more of them for us to see.

Walt Sears
Pleasanton, CA

Stephanie Gutmann's "Lights, Camera, Intifada" was a much-needed exposé of how Palestinian media intimidation badly skews the news the public gets from the scene.

No one comes off looking very good in this. Not the major news organizations that should be protesting loudly. Not the journalists avidly pursuing career advancement. Not even the embattled Israelis who should be pulling a few more press passes for such egregious behavior. I hope the article will shame some of them into doing something about it.

Richard D. Wilkins
Syracuse, NY

I have just read Stephanie Gutmann's article "Lights, Camera, Intifada" and wish to commend her on a well-written and much needed piece of journalism. This article about the effects of Palestinian Authority intimidation on journalists and their stories and photos is a breath of fresh air in the midst of stagnant, one-sided stories written by writers obviously afraid of offending the Palestinians.

Since the beginning of the Al Aksa Intifada, I have seen only two honestly written articles that bring out the truth of this intimidation by Palestinian officials, intelligence officers, and front-line fighters.

I recognize the publication of this piece is an act of bravery on Gutmann's part, considering the potential for retaliation by Palestinians unhappy with the damning details it contains. Gutmann's efforts restored my faith in at least a part of the journalistic community.

Phillip H. Waters
Arvada, CO

A Promise to Keep

I very much agreed with Fred Barnes's lucid editorial "The Bush Tax Cut: Now More Than Ever" (Jan. 1/Jan. 8). But I want to add one more reason why Bush should keep to his tax cut plan: How about the concept of actually doing what he said he would do in the campaign?

Sure, keeping true to campaign pledges didn't garner much political capital for Newt Gingrich and the Contract With America, but following through on campaign promises can be both politically advantageous and the right thing to do.

Jim Downs
Los Angeles, CA

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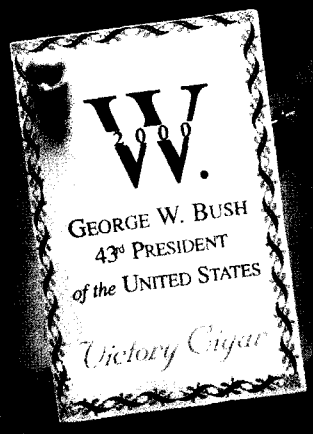

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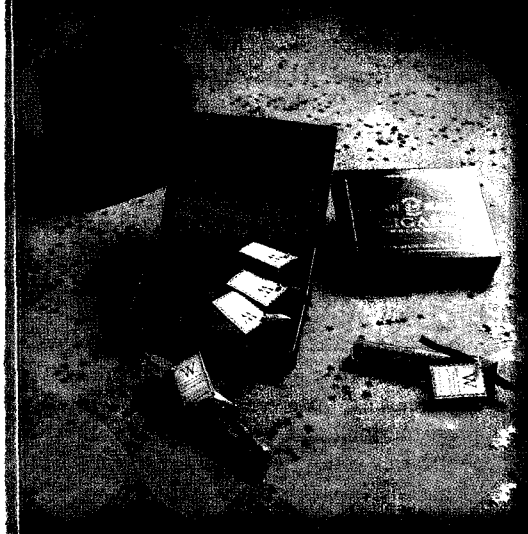

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Where's the Beef?

I DISAGREE with Michael Long's assessment of Bob Dylan's artistic contributions ("What Good Came From the Sixties?" Jan. 1/Jan. 8). Dylan is certainly a talented musician—a conclusion I reach despite my disagreements with his sociopolitical leanings. But to say that he is the only artist ever produced by what Long calls "pop music" is crossing the line between praise and hyperbolic fawning. Has Long ever heard of Frank Zappa? Captain Beefheart? Robert Fripp? Perhaps they did not get enough radio play to meet Long's criteria.

Long concedes that Dylan's compositions are not lyrical masterpieces, but then attempts to justify them by saying that in pop music, lyrics cannot be analyzed apart from melody. In fact, lyrics and melody can be analyzed separately. They are two components that work together, and the weakness of one will affect the song as a whole. A song with poor lyrics is not necessarily redeemed by melody, just as brilliant lyrics cannot necessarily save a melodic disaster.

Dylan may be considered great, but he is not alone. When we place his music in the context of the American folk tradition from which it springs, he is not even particularly original. He is simply one of many who have been able to capture the sentiments of their times and to deliver a message people wanted to hear.

Ultimately, Long does Dylan a disservice by singling him out as the only true artist of pop. I daresay that Dylan himself would disagree with the designation. I suspect he knows whose shoulders he stands upon.

BRIDGET ROCHEFORD
Seattle, WA

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the weekly Standard

The Good Fight

President-elect George W. Bush's aides often compare their boss to Ronald Reagan. Some of the time, this is just a defense against the widespread perception that Bush knows little about foreign policy. Reagan, they suggest, didn't know the details either, and look how well he did. More recently, they have been suggesting that Bush will have a management style similar to Reagan's. He will delegate a lot of authority to competent cabinet officers and advisers and concentrate on the big tasks of the presidency, setting forth the broad outlines of his policy vision and selling it to the people.

But, truth be told, the qualities Bush's people talk about are not really the ones that made Reagan a great president. They are more like the qualities that made Dwight Eisenhower a competent president, the genial CEO of America, Inc. What made Reagan the most important and successful American leader of the last fifty years was something very different. It was a quality he shared with Harry Truman: a willingness to fight.

The Bush presidency cannot just be about letting the good times roll. The country is going to need a fighter in the White House.

Many people look back on Reagan's first term as if all his legislative achievements, on the economy and on defense and foreign policy, were foreordained and all he had to do was smile his engaging smile. But Reagan didn't win a huge increase in defense spending, support for the Strategic Defense Initiative, military aid to El Salvador and the Nicaraguan freedom fighters, and the deployment of intermediate range missiles in Europe by smiling. He fought hard and tenaciously for everything. He spent large amounts of political capital and watched his poll ratings dip. He fought on controversial issues, and sometimes on unpopular ones. He fought when the editorial pages of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* and the three network anchors were against him. He fought when some of the European allies opposed him. He fought when Tip O'Neill and Jim Wright and the Democrats in the Democrat-controlled House and narrowly Republican Senate were on the warpath. He continued fighting when his critics called him a warmonger and an ignoramus, and even when they called him a criminal. At the end of the day, it was Reagan's steel spine, not his folksy humor, that made him great.

Of course, that was the 1980s. A good part of what made Reagan a fighter was his conviction that the country was headed in a dangerously wrong direction, both at home and in the world, and that fundamental change was needed to pull us back from the brink. This was different from Eisenhower's perception that 1950s America was in pretty good shape and needed a steady hand and sound executive management. Maybe America had the right president for each era. Maybe sometimes you need an Eisenhower just to keep the ship on course more than you need a Reagan to turn it around.

What do we need now? Or, perhaps more to the point, what does President-elect Bush think we need now? The answer will determine his actions and agenda in the first six months of this year, and could well shape the contours of his first term.

It seems fair to say that Bush campaigned more as an Eisenhower than as a Reagan. Believing Americans did not want radical changes, either at home or abroad, he proposed none. Reagan in 1980 scared people, to the point where he had to spend the last few weeks of his campaign assuring everyone he did not intend to blow the whole world to pieces. Bush's campaign from the beginning was designed not to scare anyone, anywhere, on any issue.

But now Bush is about to become president, and judging by some of his personnel decisions—notably the selection of Donald Rumsfeld to run the Pentagon, Tommy Thompson at Health and Human Services, and John Ashcroft to serve as attorney general—and some of his early policy pronouncements—above all his determination to press ahead with a major tax cut—he shows signs of understanding that his presidency cannot mostly be about continuing to let the good times roll. Maybe the Bush who campaigned as an Eisenhower will govern more like a Reagan. Maybe Bush understands that the country is going to need a fighter in the White House, a leader with Reagan's willingness to challenge a sloppy and irresponsible conventional wisdom and turn things around. Maybe Bush knows that a good management style and the presence of "adults" in the cabinet will not substitute for steely determination in the Oval Office.

Nowhere is the need for basic change, supported by steely determination, greater than in American foreign and

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defense policy. The coming challenges to American security, American principles, and American interests may not be as immediately visible as they were in 1980, but in many ways President Clinton has dug a hole for his successor as deep as the one Jimmy Carter left for Reagan. The need for a radical change of course is clear on at least four issues: the defense budget, missile defense, China, and Iraq.

¶ Defense: The Clinton administration cut the defense budget so carelessly during the past eight years that now even top Clinton officials admit a crisis is at hand. Senior Pentagon officials, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and outsiders like former secretaries of defense James Schlesinger and Harold Brown all agree that the defense budget needs to be increased rapidly, by as much as $50-100 billion per year. That kind of money will not be found through Pentagon reform and reorganization, by improved management and procurement practices, or by any other clever money-saving fixes. It will not be found by hastily pulling American troops out of the Balkans, which would have disastrous and ultimately costly effects on the NATO alliance. And, needless to say, the huge funding shortage cannot begin to be addressed merely by fulfilling Bush's campaign promise to increase defense spending by $4.5 billion a year. That modest proposal was Bush running as Eisenhower. President Bush will have to make a Reaganite commitment to much greater increases in the Pentagon budget, even though this will mean a fight with Democrats, and some Republicans, in Congress, and even though almost every editorial page in the country may oppose it.

¶ Missile Defense: Bush did make clear during his campaign that he intended to build a missile defense system, that he thought the plan devised by the Clinton administration was inadequate, and that a Bush administration would not be bound, as Clinton allowed himself to be, by an obsolete Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. This was the right position to take. We assume he and his advisers know how difficult it will be to make good on these essential commitments now that he is president. Bush will face strong resistance in Congress, not only from liberal and moderate Democrats but also from Republican moderates and budget hawks. And at present, American allies are lined up with Russia and China in their opposition to missile defense. Although there will be room for some clever diplomacy and some smart political maneuvering, this is not an issue that ultimately can be finessed or settled quietly in the back room. It is a big, controversial issue. President Bush will have to make clear, from the very beginning of his presidency, that he will commit every political and financial resource necessary to build an effective missile defense for the United States, its troops abroad, and its allies. If he doesn't put himself on the line, and right away, it will not happen.

¶ China: During his campaign Bush said he considered China a "strategic competitor" of the United States. He was right: The possibility of a Sino-American confrontation is growing, not receding, and such a confrontation may occur on Bush's watch. If Bush is serious, he must know that dealing with this competitor is no mere matter of tinkering around the edges of Clinton's policy of engagement. There will have to be a wholesale readjustment of U.S. policy in Asia. Friends and allies like Japan, Australia, South Korea, the Philippines, and Taiwan must replace China as the main focus of American concerns. Regarding Taiwan, in particular, Bush will have to move quickly to repair the deficiencies in Taiwan's defenses that the Clinton administration refused to address, before China tries dangerously to exploit them. And Bush will have to make clear to the Chinese that they cannot stop the United States from building a missile shield that may eventually defend, say, Los Angeles, from Chinese missile threats. In one way or another, candidate Bush promised to do all these things. President Bush will be told that if he follows through, he may precipitate a breakdown in U.S.-China relations. He shouldn't be intimidated. Such a breakdown could be healthy and would ultimately lead to a much more stable and balanced relationship with China—just as a similar breakdown in relations with the Soviet Union in the early 1980s eventually produced Mikhail Gorbachev. But it will take a lot of guts to stick to the new course. Here again, we hope and trust Bush knows what he's in for.

¶ Iraq: Bush and other Republicans have had a field day criticizing Clinton's disastrous and now failed Iraq policy. But now comes the hard part. Bush inherits a Saddam very much "out of his box," rearming, increasingly confident and aggressive, and benefiting from increased Arab radicalism. At some point, Bush could well find himself confronted by an Iraq armed with weapons of mass destruction. During these past few years, it was relatively easy for congressional Republicans to call for arming and funding the Iraqi opposition. That remains a good idea. But the more sober of Bush's advisers, like Robert Zoellick and Paul Wolfowitz, have recognized that this alone will not do the trick. Some use of American military force, both from the air and on the ground, could well be necessary to bring Saddam down, no matter how wonderfully the Iraqi opposition performs. Whether he chooses it or not, Bush may quickly be faced with the same decision his father had to make in 1990. He has in his cabinet at least one person who counseled inaction the last time. If the crisis comes, Bush, like his father, will not be able to rely only on the judgment of the men and women around him: He will have to act from his own instincts and his own courage.

Most of what Bush has done since his election gives us reason to believe that he is up to these challenges, that he knows there are serious issues to be tackled and is ready to tackle them. But, as he also surely knows, the hard part is just beginning.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

Present Dangers: Crisis and Opportunity in American Foreign and Defense Policy, edited by William Kristol and Robert Kagan, has recently been published by Encounter Books.

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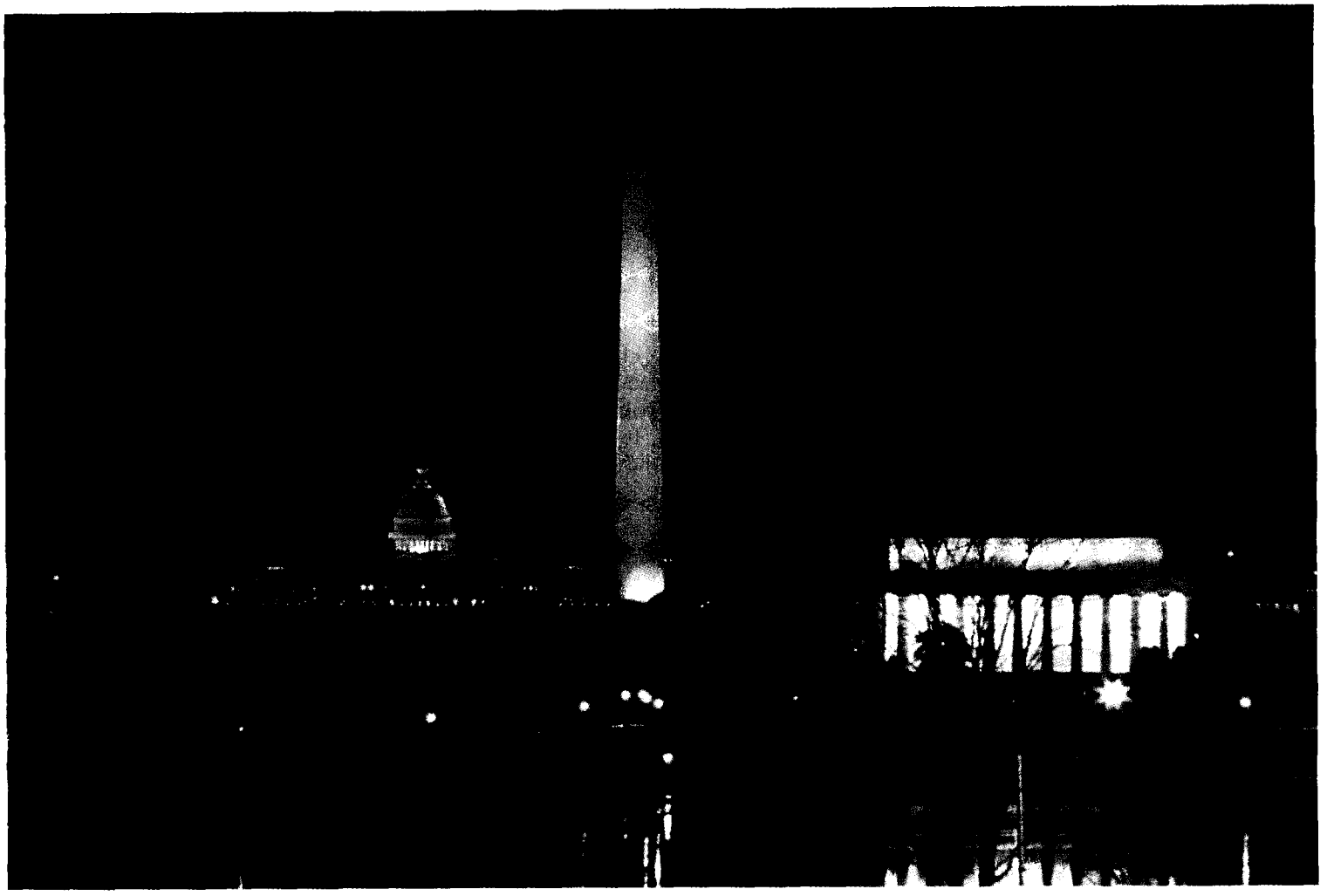

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Too Much Mr. Nice Guy?

George Bush wants to "change the tone." So far he's the only one who does. **BY FRED BARNES**

WHEN a home schoolers' organization offered to summon its members—hundreds of thousands of them—to rally behind John Ashcroft, aides of George W. Bush said forget it. Later, with Ashcroft's nomination for attorney general under fire from liberals, David Keene of the American Conservative Union began organizing conservatives behind Ashcroft. The Bush team did not encourage the effort. Bush himself is privately steadfast in backing Ashcroft and other Cabinet nominees (except Linda Chavez), but publicly tepid. And following old-fashioned protocol that says a nominee shouldn't talk to reporters before he faces senators at his confirmation hearing, Bush muzzled Ashcroft. The result: Washington is halfway to adopting the new civil tone that Bush has promised. The president-elect and his aides act with civility and restraint. Congressional Democrats and their allies don't.

This may not be unilateral disarmament on Bush's part, but it is risky. So why is he doing it? Well, the public wants a halcyon Washington, according to polls. Bush's vow to cool the rhetoric, reduce hostility, and lighten the mood here was the most popular theme of his campaign. Besides, dealing amiably with everyone, especially political opponents, works for Bush. It was his style in Texas and will be in Washington: Bush Nice. He is conflict-averse. Not that he won't fight ever, but Bush is wary of giving life to opposition that might fizzle in the absence of combat.

Illustration by Peter Steiner

Perhaps Bush Nice will grow contagious in Washington over time. But it hasn't had any impact on Democrats or the media in the days leading up to Bush's inauguration as the 43rd president. For instance, it was a one-time friend and neighbor of Linda Chavez who ratted on her for giving refuge to an illegal alien. The accuser is a Democratic activist, and party loyalty outweighed personal considerations. An environmental group successfully peddled to the press a story suggesting Gale Norton, Bush's pick for interior secretary, was racially insensitive. It was based solely on a *mention* of the Confederacy in a speech taking the conventional conservative position on states' rights. As for Ashcroft, his views on abortion and his style of Christianity, though shared by tens of millions of Americans, were treated by the mainstream press as provocative or exotic.

Bush responded to all this with near-serenity—except twice. He zinged the Norton story as ridiculous and shot back at President Clinton's insinuations that his presidency will be illegitimate. "He can say what he wants, but . . . I'll be honored to be sworn in as the president," Bush said. Otherwise, Bush didn't complain about attacks or cheap shots, and didn't act like a victim. All that was fine, but he also didn't make the case for Ashcroft or any other nominee. Neither did his press secretary, Ari Fleischer. Bush often sounded detached when talking about opposition to Ashcroft and others, more like a commentator than a player.

On January 4, Bush was asked how he'd deal with that opposition. He could have answered by stating the reasons he chose Ashcroft and pouncing on questions raised about him as unfair. He didn't. He said his nominees will "stand up and speak on their own . . . talk about their vision, talk about their heart." Of course, when he said this, the nominees were muzzled. Bush suggested the only questions about his cabinet team that matter are those raised in Senate confirmation hearings. "Let's wait and see

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how they're questioned when they go up in front of the Senate." Fleischer went only a bit farther. He condemned "this escalating ideological division" in Washington and said it was hurting the confirmation process. Wow!

Bush's reluctance to fight led naturally to the decision to abandon Chavez as nominee for labor secretary. She gave the Bush crowd grounds by concealing the fact that she had sheltered an illegal alien from Guatemala in the early 1990s. Despite this, Chavez was ready to hang tough for confirmation, and remained so as late as hours before she withdrew. She had lined up other immigrants she'd helped for a press conference in which she intended to declare her intention to battle on. But the day after the story about the Guatemalan broke, Bush aides refused to return her calls. And when she heard not a peep of support the next day, she pulled out.

To their credit, Bush transition officials tried to make her demise as Chavez-friendly as possible. She was invited to announce her withdrawal at transition headquarters. Bush aides didn't trash her for not telling them about the illegal alien. Rather, it was a "misunderstanding," a Bush adviser said. This was little consolation to Chavez, who had quit for lack of Bush support. But it was another instance of Bush Nice.

When Bush strategist Karl Rove met with a group of conservatives in Washington the day after Chavez stepped down, he encountered skepticism about Bush Nice. Paul Weyrich, host of the session, asked if Bush is prepared to deal with mean-spirited Democratic partisans in Washington. Rove said Bush had gotten a taste of this during the Florida recount and is ready. But Bush really believes in making politics more civil, Rove said. He thinks there are many Democrats who want to cooperate. What, Weyrich asked, about those who won't cooperate? Bush can handle them, too, Rove said. A good place to start is the Ashcroft nomination. ♦

Horrific Days Are Here Again

Get ready to hear about greed, homelessness, and the gap between rich and poor. BY ANDREW FERGUSON

THERE'S A STORE in the wealthy Washington suburb of Bethesda, Maryland, that calls itself "Three Dog Bakery." I read about it the other day. In addition to offering "pooch pretzels," "mini beagles," and other "all-natural pet pastries," it throws birthday parties for dogs. Rich dog owners (I mean, rich owners of dogs, not owners of rich dogs) bring in their pets and up to 12 of their pets' pet friends, and the revels begin. Clerks prepare cake and goodie bags for the canine partiers. They sing "Happy Birthday" to the guest-of-honor dog. There are balloons and party favors and gift certificates. It costs a considerable amount of money.

"Three Dog Bakery," in other words, is a perfect symbol of what everyone has come to call "Clinton-era decadence," that delirium of tawdry excess that has gripped our nation's winners in the nineties and beyond, as their stock market portfolios ballooned and their paychecks swelled beyond all reason. The signs of this heedless self-indulgence are everywhere. Just this morning I got a flier for the new Ritz Carlton hotel here in Washington, which offers guests "300-thread-count Frette Egyptian cotton sheets," "butler-drawn baths," and "a choice of Mount Harmony herbal soaps, hand-cut to order." And down the street from the Ritz is the White House itself, where the first lady, in a new, lushly illustrated, overpriced coffee-table book, boasts of redecorating her mansion in "ruby damask" and "moire silk" and commanding underpaid persons of color to serve elaborate desserts to her and her wealthy guests. Meanwhile, of course, not more than a half mile away, rain pours through the splintered roofs of inner-city schools, abandoned children sleep in rat-infested alleyways, senior citizens cry themselves to sleep from hunger.

It makes your skin crawl, doesn't it? A bit too much like ancient Rome for comfort, is it not? Little wonder, then, that newsmagazines, network TV anchors, PBS documentarians, and sociologists of all stripes have come to describe our present period as the "Decade of Greed," an orgy of elitist extravagance unseen since . . .

Wait a minute. What am I saying? Nobody calls this the Decade of Greed. Greed, in fact, is a word that has scarcely been uttered in the Clinton era, despite the piling up of fortunes far beyond the reach of a Mellon or a Carnegie. The explosion of wealth in the nineties was similar to previous such explosions in every crucial respect but one: the way in which it was mythologized on the airwaves and in the public prints. You would scan the op-ed pages in vain for the cigar-chomping capitalist familiar from the caricatures of earlier generations; in the nineties (a term I use, by the way, to include the year 2000 and the first three weeks of 2001) cigar chomping was actually a mark of refinement, so long as the cigar cost more than, say, a set of encyclopedias. For the first time in history, an economic boom proceeded without the catcalls and sneering of an adversary culture. Artists, belletrists, journalists, social theorists,

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muckrakers, academics—all the traditional party-pooping critics of materialism fell oddly silent. Their ridicule had greeted the parvenues and get-rich-quick schemers of the 1880s, the 1920s, the 1950s, and of course (and how) the 1980s. But not now—not in the 1990s.

For the last decade we have been without a Mark Twain or Upton Sinclair, a Mencken or Sinclair Lewis or Dos Passos, without even a Christopher Lasch or some other jowly Jeremiah worrying aloud about the debilitations of affluence. In place of the adversary culture a small army of courtier journalists arose, panting to celebrate the newly rich, to sing hymns to their taste and sensitivity, to their compassion, their self-knowledge, their spirituality, their dynamism, their willingness to "think outside the box," their egalitarianism, their refusal to wear ties to work—all the admirable traits that earlier rich guys, from John D. Rockefeller to Michael Milken, had somehow lacked. Baby boomer rich people, we learned, were "dynamists" operating in the realm of "pure possibility." They were wise, they were visionary, they struggled admirably under the mighty weight of their social consciences. Plus they had pots and pots of money.

All of this is about to end. And not merely because of the weary stock market and the slowly deflating economy. For psychological reasons that I am not qualified to diagnose, it is difficult for the verbal class to criticize the accumulation of wealth when the country is being presided over by a liberal Democrat—and, more importantly, when it is liberals who are piling up the wealth. (Liberals pile up wealth much more tastefully than right-wingers.) The actual facts of the situation are irrelevant; this is a matter of how the national life is presented and interpreted. The billions wasted in the Clinton years on the dot-com delusion, for example, were surely as misdirected as the billions sunk into "junk bonds" in the 1980s; yet one was daring and bold (if overenthusiastic), while the other was intolerable, wasteful, even immoral. The difference lay not in the facts but in the attitude of the people who presented them.

Journalists, you can be sure, are about to rediscover greed. Avarice is on the comeback trail. There will be something suspect—something gross and déclassé—about the first fortunes to be made in the era just beginning. With the new President Bush in the White House, we're going to see the reemergence of all kinds of things we haven't seen since—well, since the old President Bush was in the White House. Avarice and selfishness are just the beginning. Say hello to homelessness, for instance: We are about to see a horrifying deterioration in the plight of our nation's street people. We haven't heard much—anything, really—about the homeless since, oh, roughly January 20, 1993. As it happens, the number of people living on steam grates has remained pretty much constant from the middle 1980s, when they filled the airwaves and graced the cover of countless magazines, to the present day, when they are all but forgotten. They are about to be remembered.

There will be something suspect—something gross and déclassé—about the first fortunes to be made in the era just beginning.

Twinned with homelessness, hunger will quickly become intolerable in the United States—which is, as we are doomed to be often reminded, the richest country in the history of humankind. While bejeweled women in sequined gowns and tuxedo-clad fat cats sip Dom Perignon and boxstep their way through George W. Bush's America, swollen-bellied children will be discovered queueing up for slices of American cheese at our nation's soup kitchens, which will be "stretched to the limit." Curiously, and greatly to their credit, the only public figures in the past decade who have tried to draw attention to hunger in Bill Clinton's America have been functionaries of Bill Clinton's Department of Housing and Urban Development. They were ignored. Soon, though, they'll find work in privately financed organizations with names like the Emergency Coalition for Feeding the Children. And at last their cries will be heard.

Hunger and homelessness—scandalous though they will suddenly be—will be mere symptoms of what will be understood as the defining problem of the Bush era: the gap between rich and poor. This is yet another affliction that almost vanished in the last decade. Only a few left-wingers, consigned to the margins of the political conversation, were rude enough to note that the gap remained obdurately large. Their day, too, has finally come. They will point out that X percent of the population (the figure will vary, depending on whether you're reading the cover story in *Business Week*, the six-part series in the *New York Times*, or the special pull-out report in *Newsweek*; but the number will be teeny-tiny) owns XX percent of the nation's wealth (again the figure will vary, but it will be surprisingly close to 100 percent). *And it will be getting worse*. The statistic will also appear high up in stories about "deindustrialization." Tough, brawny old industries began to wither away in the 1980s, causing much human anguish and inspiring several Pulitzer Prizes for feature writing. The process of deindustrialization was then put on hold for eight years. It is poised to resume, as once-proud breadwinners are pressed into jobs flipping hamburgers.

The central cause of deindustrialization will be the trade deficit. Readers who survived the Reagan nightmare will recall the trade deficit and shudder. It was caused by Asians (Chinese or Japanese or Koreans—who can remember anymore?) who

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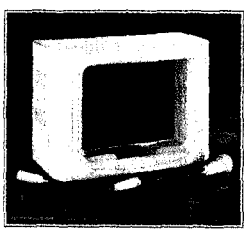

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were on the verge of purchasing the entire United States. The trade deficit continued to rise during the 1990s; in fact, it just reached a new record a few months ago. It has done so under a cloak of silence, however. Having gone unremarked for so long, it is about to become unendurable. In this it resembles something called "the savings rate." For much of the 1980s the savings rate was around 2 percent, and it was a national disgrace: A population besotted by materialism had thrown off the virtue of thrift in a mad desire for instant gratification. Throughout the nineties the savings rate continued to fall, until today it is actually negative, if you can imagine. But it hasn't been an emblem of much of anything for many years. It will be now, though, starting January 20.

Then again, the Bush era may not begin so quickly. It may take a couple of years. But gradually a picture will emerge, and the newly revitalized adversary culture will paint it in the most lurid colors. We will find ourselves in a divided nation, torn between a decadent and meretricious elite and a lower class struggling just to get by, afflicted with homelessness and rampant hunger, preyed upon by corporate raiders at home and sinister forces from abroad, while a heartless government in Washington obsesses over imagined threats. (Did I mention that the Pentagon is about to start wasting money again?) The picture will be one of a nation in decline, and without much prodding Prof. Paul Kennedy and maybe even Kevin Phillips (authors, respectively, of the Reagan-era classics *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* and *The Politics of Rich and Poor*) will be coaxed from retirement. In time our unhappy social critics will look to a leader—a politician, a governor, perhaps a United States senator—who will reluctantly come forward to offer a means of rescue, who will argue that the decline doesn't have to continue forever, who will boldly assert that America's greatest days are still ahead.

And she'll be right. ♦

It's Still the Economy, Stupid

From entitlements to energy to trade, Clinton has left a lot of unfinished business. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

THE FULL PLATE for which Bill Clinton is famous usually consists of a jumbo order of McDonald's fries. The full plate that he has left for George W. Bush may prove less easily digestible.

The new president's first order of business will be "the economy, stupid," probably bringing the first smile to the face of James Carville since he found that the Constitution does indeed include a role for the Supreme Court. Bush surely knows that if he can't head off a serious recession, the Republicans will pay the price in 2002 and 2004, just as his father did in 1992. Contending that he inherited the mess from Clinton won't wash: Voters will remember only that times were sweet under Clinton-Gore and turned sour under Bush-Cheney.

Which brings us to the main plank in the Bush platform—a large tax cut. Never mind the precise amount, or how the benefits will be distributed. Those are details that will be hammered out in negotiations with the Democrats, who would rather spend the money than give it back to those who earned it, and with the Republicans in Congress, who would rather dole out "targeted benefits" to married couples, or to inheritors of substantial wealth, than go for a large, across-the-board cut. Al Gore should permit himself a wry smile when he hears House speaker Dennis Hastert urging caution and "targeting" on the new president, and attempting to take credit for the increased spending on education reflected in the new budget.

Irwin M. Stelzer is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD *and director of regulatory studies at the Hudson Institute.*

Bush's tax cut plan had its roots in the sensible notion that taxpayers deserve some relief from a burden that has risen steadily as a share of national income, and that unless that relief is granted, the bipartisan coalition to spend and spend would get its grubby mitts on the surplus, and scatter it across congressional districts and various constituencies.

Alas, the spenders beat Bush to the trough. Congressional Republicans united with Bill Clinton and congressional Democrats to approve a massive budget that includes record spending for education and social services, and about $1 billion in "economic development initiatives," better known in the trade as "pork" (or whatever meat from reindeer is called; Alaska's Reindeer Herders Association got $176,000). The final total exceeded Congress's own spending ceilings by $37 billion and President Clinton's original spending proposal by some $15 billion. Washington spendthrifts have thus already disposed of perhaps 40 percent of the projected surplus.

Still, the Bushies say there should be a large enough surplus—almost $5 trillion over the next decade, according to Clinton—to give room for tax relief. Really? Put aside the accuracy of budget forecasts notorious for their past inaccuracy. The economic slowdown will probably lead to as many and as large downward revisions in the estimates of the surplus as we have seen upward revisions during the economic expansion. Bush's own spending plans, including substantial increases for the starved military, $50 billion for universal preschool education, some form of prescription drug

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benefit, and a program to encourage fatherhood (cheap, at $2.9 billion), will sop up more. Then there are the ongoing spending commitments signed off on by Clinton. These will extend beyond this year's budget, as far ahead as the budgeteer's eye can see, and include such difficult-to-repeal items as the new lifetime health care program for military retirees and their families. Probable cost of this one item: $60 billion over the next ten years.

And then, sitting in the counting room, are the two 800-pound elephants everyone is pretending not to notice—the pending deficits in the Social Security and health care programs. If the government used any sensible accounting scheme that gave weight to future liabilities, it would have to have huge reserves in these pay-as-you go accounts to provide for the retirement of the baby boomers and the mounting costs of their medical care. Or it would be planning to fund these obligations with large tax increases when the bills come due. It is doing neither. It is acting rather like the householder who feels really rich for three weeks because he refuses to recognize that a mortgage payment is coming due at the end of the month.

Until a few weeks ago all of this made it unlikely that Bush would get much of what he wanted by way of a tax cut. And many thought that Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan put the final nail in the tax-cut coffin when he cut interest rates sooner and by more than anyone expected, and hinted that still further cuts are in our future. This enabled those who oppose a tax cut to say that prudence dictates waiting to see what the effect of the lower interest rates will be—a position supported by most academic economists, who in conclave solemnly assembled in New Orleans pronounced "the manipulation" of taxes an unsuitable instrument for controlling the business cycle.

But an amazing change in business sentiment is working in Bush's favor. The CEOs who attended his Texas economic summit were uniformly gloomy. They warned that Dick Cheney is right that we are on the edge of a recession, and concluded that Greenspan's move was a reflection of the Fed monetary policy wizard's panic at the rapid deterioration in the economy. Bush quickly added the anti-recession argument to his arsenal, contending that his proposed tax cut is necessary to "make sure that our economy does not go into a tailspin."

Dick Armey and others added another ingredient to the mix: They would have Bush change his back-loaded tax cut to one that concentrates relief in the here and now, which the new president's top economic adviser, Larry Lindsey, would accomplish by organizing the cut so that it allows an immediate reduction in payroll withholding taxes, and therefore adds immediately to current disposable income.

Forget about whether the surplus will materialize as forecast; forget about meeting future obligations. We are all fiscal Keynesians now, and we will all be dead—at least politically—in the long run. Everyone, but everyone—at least everyone who matters in the new administration—knows that tax cuts stimulate demand, which stimulus will assure a soft landing rather than a teeth-jarring recession.

So Bush may get what he wants, or much of it, especially if Greenspan decides not to oppose a tax cut, and not to threaten to forgo further interest rate cuts if Bush goes forward with his plans.

But the problems of rationalizing Social Security and health care will remain. And if Bush doesn't find these daunting, there are plenty more. In an orgy of executive order and regulation-writing, Clinton put 29,000 pages of regulations on the books in the last 90 days of his stay in the White House. Bush will have to decide which of these measures, many of them adding billions in costs to businesses already suffering from a profits squeeze, he will ask Congress to rescind. Surely he will have to try to roll back those that interfere with his plans to open up portions of national nature preserves to oil and gas exploration.

Which brings us to another issue that Bush will have to face, and soon. Throughout his campaign he called for a "national energy policy." Never mind that previous such policies—by Richard Nixon, who promised independence from foreign sources of oil, and by Jimmy Carter, who promised that all would be well if only we substituted woolen sweaters for warm houses and perspiration for air conditioning—have been disasters. Or that the OPEC oil cartel is about to welcome Bush to Washington by cutting back on production so as to shore up prices that have fallen by about $10 per barrel to "only" two-and-a-half times what they were a few years ago, and ten times the price that would yield a reasonable profit to the sheikhdoms from which the oil flows.

Bush will have to come up with a program that increases the domestic supply of energy, is sufficiently threatening to the world's oil producers to cause them to open the valves wider,

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and eliminates uneconomic consumption of energy. No small chore for Spence Abraham, who has bravely put his reputation for intelligence and political nous on the line by agreeing to serve in the Bush cabinet as secretary of energy—the political graveyard of many of Abraham's predecessors.

With a tax cut and a solution to the energy problem under his belt, Bush can then turn to such minor economic matters as promoting a new round of trade-opening talks, which Supachai Panitchpakdi, the incoming head of the World Trade Organization, says will proceed only if the new American administration "quickly confirms interest" in such negotiations. If it does, new U.S. trade representative Bob Zoellick will have to deploy his vaunted negotiating and persuasive powers against an increasingly protectionist European Union. The Europeans, led by unreconstructed French dirigistes, are determined to continue discriminating against America's major exports—films, music, and other media output; airplanes; and agricultural products. They have limited the broadcast of American products to 50 percent of air time, regardless of what television viewers want to see and radio listeners want to hear. They have decided to subsidize the construction of a new aircraft aimed squarely at the markets now served by Boeing. And they continue to discriminate against U.S. farm exports, from bananas to beef, often in violation of World Trade Organization directives.

There are more economic issues that Bush will confront—but why throw cold water on the inaugural festivities by listing them. After all, it was only a few weeks ago that it seemed almost impossible to get a tax cut through Congress; now, times have changed and success is more likely. Bush's combination of good luck—if you can call an impending recession good luck—and policy foresight has come to his rescue. And may well again, and again, and again, as one of his predecessors was wont to say. ♦

End Them, Don't Mend Them

Clinton signed some terrible treaties; Bush should repudiate them. BY JEREMY RABKIN

BACK IN 1992, when asked how he would deal with Iraqi aggression, Bill Clinton said he would have voted with the congressional majority to authorize a military response, but he remained personally opposed to military action. A decade later, as he prepared to leave the White House, President Clinton signed the U.N. treaty establishing a permanent, International Criminal Court. In his signing statement, Clinton explained that he did not actually approve of the treaty in its current form and urged that it not be ratified by the Senate.

Like other forms of law, treaties have been Clintonized in the last eight years—reduced to PR gestures, which we can always evade through semantic tap-dancing. The new administration should demonstrate its integrity by formally repudiating Clinton's signing of the ICC treaty and then doing the same for some of the other treaties that Clinton signed without ever submitting to the Senate.

Standard legal treatises don't explain how a country can revoke its signature. Nobody seems to have contemplated the Clinton ploy of regularly signing ambitious treaty ventures and then walking away from them. But it will be sufficient, no doubt, to send a letter to the U.N. secretary general directing that the United States be removed from the list of countries that have "signed" this treaty.

Why bother? The ICC treaty establishes a global independent prosecutor, licensed to indict government officials and military officers for "aggression" and "war crimes"—as these may be defined by the prosecutor and the court. So it would establish an international authority to sit on top of the American government and have the last word on the propriety of American actions. As currently structured, the treaty would extend this authority over Americans even if the United States did not consent to the treaty.

Of course, we still have enough cruise missiles and aircraft carriers to deter this court or its supporters from actually arresting (or holding) an American. But why should we endorse a principle whose practice we could never accept? Why wait for an actual confrontation to prove that we reject the court's authority?

According to the 1969 Vienna Convention on the Law of Treaties, a country which signs a treaty is "obliged to refrain from acts which would defeat [its] object and purpose"—until it formally ratifies the treaty or has "made its intention clear not to become a party." This sets a reasonable standard to which we should hold ourselves, as we demand it of others. If the Bush administration, then, wants to "defeat the object and purpose" of the ICC treaty—as it should—it will show appropriate respect for international law by removing our name from the list of signatories.

Meanwhile, unsigning would register a clear policy direction for our own diplomats: The order of the day is not to refine and improve this treaty but to kill it, or at least keep it as far away from Americans as possible. At the same time, it would send a reassuring signal to the Senate: This administration will not use treaty signings as momentary mood enhancers, but will commit the prestige of the United

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States only when it can hope to bring the Senate along.

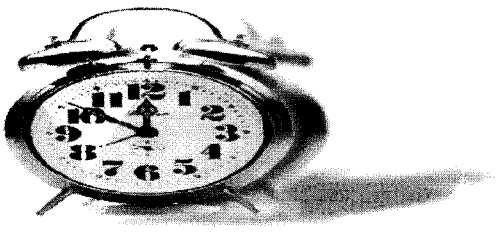
What goes for the ICC should also go for other ambitious treaties Clinton has signed and then declined to subject to open debate in the Senate. The 1997 Kyoto Protocol on global warming would commit the United States to a vast program of reduction in energy use, even while developing countries like China and India are free to increase their energy use without limit. The treaty has no chance of Senate ratification, and the United States should make clear that it won't be bound by it.

Clinton also signed the 1992 Biodiversity Treaty (which the previous Bush administration had rejected). While the Clinton team claimed it agreed with the underlying principles, Europeans used this treaty as the basis for a protocol restricting trade in genetically modified products—over futile American objections. We should be in full opposition to this project, which threatens agricultural and pharmaceutical innovations of great importance. We can start our counteroffensive by repudiating the treaty.

In the arms control field, Clinton signed 1997 amendments to the ABM treaty and has claimed they are binding, though never ratified by the Senate. More remarkably, the Clinton administration claimed the U.S. was still bound by the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, rejected by the Senate in 1999, on the grounds that the treaty might be ratified someday. Both these measures should also be repudiated.

Clinton has signed the U.N. Convention on the Rights of the Child and a convention of the International Labor Organization on race discrimination in employment. Neither has much chance of Senate ratification. But they are unusually meaningless: The Clinton administration itself has claimed we would not need to change any existing policy to be in compliance with these treaties. It might be satisfying to repudiate these pretentious baubles, too, just out of principle. But as Churchill said—to explain the focus of British bombing on strategic targets rather than German civilians—"business before pleasure." ♦

"Whether we get "Gushed" or feel we should've gotten "Bored"... there are Still 12 Good Reasons why The Time Is Now!..."



No longer can we: 1. Trust our government to do the right thing. 2. Pay corporations to distort the truth. 3. Trust producers of consumer goods not to endanger us, our planet and our children. 4. Deny our knowing yet struggle to specialize. 5. Trust in the practice of medicine to be honest, enlightening and accountable. 6. Trust our elected officials to tell us the truth. 7. Burden the accountable, provide benefits and privileges to the opportunistic and breed dependence. 8. Allow courts of law to operate void of responsible jurisprudence. 9. Freely exercise our right (not privilege) to congregate and worship. 10. Trust parents to be accountable for their children. 11. Trade our children's liberty for financial benefits. 12. No longer are we: "We The People"... but, the time is now!" Still

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Compromise First, Then Crush Them

Bush will need accomplishments in his first two years. Then he can get aggressive. BY MIKE MURPHY

GEORGE W. BUSH has gotten off to a strong start, with a formidable cabinet and a firm idea of what he wants to do as president. But conservatives thirsty for change must remember that to use political power, we must maintain that power. Idealists on the right need to be hard-headed and realistic.

The inconvenient truth is that while President-elect Bush won the election, Republicans lost the campaign. We got fewer votes, lost Senate incumbents, and failed to carry important swing states. The Democrats know this, and like sleeping crocodiles they lie in wait for the 2002 elections. Whether Republicans enjoy a decade of conservative power—or a heady but brief two years of presidential rule with a congressional majority—will depend on how well the Bush administration navigates the next year.

The new president needs a two-year plan, followed by a six-year plan. The first two years he should build popularity and political power by piling up victories and "getting things done." The following six years he should exploit that power.

Bush successes and accomplishments are thus the order of the day. That means compromise, a word we conservatives despise because we too often confuse it with appeasement. Bush should never appease, but he should remember the lesson of Bill Clinton: A president will always get credit for anything that gets done in Washington. Who got credit for balancing the budget, reforming welfare, and expanding the economy? Not the Republican Congress.

Mike Murphy has helped to run 20 successful Senate and gubernatorial campaigns.

Bush should savor the irony and steal this handy trick from our outgoing political thief-in-chief by making sure a few things go right in Washington. He can then amass great credit and apply the power that popularity will bring to hold Congress, win reelection, gain more power, and dictate policies more to his liking.

The looming iceberg is the 2002 midterm elections. They are fraught with peril: a close House, vital governorships, and the Senate are all up for grabs. The census, if counted honestly and not "improved" by Democratic sample-cooking, will yield a fair redistricting which will be helpful to the GOP, but not enough. Republicans will need a popular president to win. Four early and big Bush victories will get us there.

First, a muscular tax cut sold as a method to keep the economy from falling into recession. Tax cuts are most popular when people feel economic pressure. Voters know tax cuts create growth and jobs. The Bush administration is sounding a perfect note on this. A tax cut for the sake of the economy is a winner. The Democrats have been reduced to hapless bickering over the size of the Bush tax cut. This gives Bush a wonderful opportunity to outwit them. He should propose a smaller "compromise" tax cut, with a strongly accelerated implementation. Say $900 billion, instead of $1.3 trillion, but put in place more quickly. Bush should take credit for compromising and bank the political win from his victorious tax cut.

Then he should brutally bid up the ante next year, by proposing a *second* major tax cut, before the midterm elections. The administration could ride the success of the first tax cut and sell a further tax cut as more good medicine for the economy. In the end, the president-elect can deliver a bigger total tax cut while riding his popular signature issue into the 2002 elections.

George W. Bush's second great issue is education reform, the issue he speaks most fervently about. Since our federal system allows a president little power to do much about elementary and secondary education, Bush's best weapon is the bully pulpit. Summits, visits to America's best and worst public schools, and a partnership with reformist governors are the best way to build up support for serious education reform. An education crusade led by the obviously sincere Bush is another political winner.

Third, Bush should demand, and then sign, a ban on partial-birth abortions—the pro-life issue with a national super-majority of public support behind it. The Democrats will lurch left in opposition to appease their yelping interest groups, a useful mistake for the GOP to exploit in 2002.

The fourth victory? Campaign finance reform. Bush should embrace a revised version of McCain-Feingold-Cochran, and call the Democrats' cynical bluff. The usefulness of a big early victory for a new president cannot be overestimated, and the alternative of an unpopular fight with a McCain/Democratic coalition will be a tragic and unnecessary waste of political capital.

The Republican political establishment argues that the GOP should take all the soft money it can hustle because those funds are needed for Republicans to win. The hard news on Election Day this year should be enough to bury that argument once and for all. The GOP had a towering pile of soft money, enough to fuel vast bonfires. Millionaire wallets were pried open from coast to coast; shareholder money was looted from one end of K Street to the other. And

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Republicans still got beat across the board because the Democrats had oodles of soft money too. Piles of it from every ambulance chaser, tobacco privateer, union boss, Hollywood skunk, and double-dealing corporate welfare seeker they could shake down. There was no Republican advantage, either in dollars or in moral high ground. Millions in soft money did nothing for us.

Bush should cut a doable deal with McCain. End all unlimited or "soft" money, raise the hard money individual contribution limit to $3,500 and link it to inflation. Republicans can out-raise the Democrats in hard money and regain the overrated money advantage our party leaders claim we need. Lenin told his revolutionary henchmen that capitalism would sell them the rope with which to hang it. Republicans should go to Daschle and Gephardt, gleefully buy some rope, and find a tall branch.

President-elect Bush has expressed concern about compulsory union dues, and he is right. But it shouldn't be a deal-breaker on campaign reform. A large part of the solution is in fact within his power: The Bush Labor Department can make Harry Beck's dream come true and finally enforce the Supreme Court's ruling against taking union members' paycheck money for politics without permission. Given a choice of what to do with their money, the union rank and file will speedily unplug their paychecks from the Democratic money machine.

These four achievable victories will position Republicans for 2002. The six years after that will be the delicious part. We know what we want to do: more tax cuts; a sinewy defense with a hard eye toward Communist China; a common-sense smackdown for the environmental extremists; tort reform; and at long last a bona fide effort to wrench big government out of the rotten business of subsidizing moral relativism and the cultural poison of identity politics. A popular president on a successful roll after the 2002 midterms can deliver on these policies.

To get there, Republicans will need focus, discipline, and, yes, crafty compromise. The decade of political power and success we have long waited for is within our grasp. But if Republicans try to force too many things too quickly, without building up the reservoir of popularity our new president will need, our shiny new political supremacy will expire in 20 short months, and we will be once again a minority party. ♦

Make the Tax Cut Bigger

And do it faster.

BY ARTHUR LAFFER & STEPHEN MOORE

THIS TIME LAST YEAR many conservatives wondered aloud whether George W. Bush was genuinely committed to his own tax cut proposal. Now it seems that Bush is the only supply-side tax cutter left in town. He has been heroically unwavering in support of the $1.3 trillion tax cut, but the media, many mainstream economists, and congressional leaders in both parties are urging a go-slow approach. Speaker of the House Denny Hastert has suggested to Bush that he divide his tax cut up into small digestible pieces, a compromise that could undermine the chances of the crucial income tax rate cut. Bob Dole has advised that Bush's tax cut be put "on hold." Meanwhile, on *Face the Nation*, Senate minority leader Tom Daschle moaned: "I can't think of anything that would divide the nation more than pushing that tax cut at that size."

Bush has smartly countered that the slowdown of the economy, the bearish stock market, and the specter of a looming recession only strengthen the case for tax rate cuts. Ironically, six months ago the Clinton Treasury department and other Bush opponents were arguing that a Bush tax cut was inadvisable because it could cause the roaring economy to "overheat." Of course, that worry's now the least of our problems, but the tax cut foes are as opposed as ever to the Bush proposal. The latest mantra against tax cuts is that they are ineffective at stimulating the economy. The *Washington Post*, for example, recently editorialized that "the best tool for managing the economic cycle is usually not fiscal policy, but interest rates, which the Fed can change at its annual meeting."

Yikes! This advice is so wrongheaded that it needs to be thoroughly expunged before it begins to steer the economy further off track. So let us try to explain why Bush is right on taxes, and his critics aren't.

First, we should all agree that the U.S. economy does need some anti-recession insurance right now. Just since the election, roughly $1 trillion of wealth has disappeared through sliding stock values. The Gross Domestic Product growth rate was a robust 5 percent in 1999; now it's an underwhelming 2 percent. Retailers felt the pinch during the Christmas shopping season; it's going to get worse in the first half of 2001. And if the economy does hit a recession, low-income and working-class Americans will be the ones hurt most, not the rich people whom tax cuts supposedly benefit.

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There's some persuasive evidence that the economy is suffering from tax drag. Fiscal policy is way too tight. In 2000, federal, state, and local governments collected a combined $300 billion in excess taxes over spending. That's almost 4 percent of GDP devoted to tax overpayments. Over the course of the past 30 years, a tax-to-GDP ratio of more than 20 percent has typically sounded a Code Blue warning of recession. Since 1995 the tax-to-GDP ratio has risen from 18 percent to about 21.5 percent. Amazingly, today's tax burden is higher than that of the stagflationary Carter years. This fiscal anchor needs to be lifted.

So we have a record tax burden, a huge budget surplus, and the near-term horizon shows the potential for an economic crash. If a supply-side tax rate reduction isn't advisable now, just when is the appropriate time to cut tax rates? Even left-leaning Keynesians should be agitating for a tax cut now. Where are they when we need them?

We would note that in the past 18 months many of our major economic competitors—including France, Germany, and Japan—have lowered income taxes to jump-start their stagnant economies. Because we have done nothing to chop our own taxes, our international competitive tax advantage has deteriorated.

The alternative economic rescue plan, supported by many Wall Street economists and almost everyone in the media, is to continue to use the Federal Reserve Board to stimulate the economy. This approach is dangerously misguided. If there is a single enduring economic lesson of the past 25 years, it is that loose monetary policy can never offset the contractionary effects of high taxes. Loose money and high taxes were the ill-designed formula of the 1970s that led to high inflation, low growth rates, and a yawning bear market.

Nonetheless, we were pleased with the Fed rate cut in early January. Loosening monetary policy makes sense because inflation is under wraps. Gold prices are near their record low. The dollar remains strong. Prices for many consumer goods, such as autos and textiles, are falling. (Remember: The Consumer Price Index overstates inflation by 1 to 2 percentage points.) Interest rates are falling. But here's the key point: The case for continued monetary loosening can only be justified by evidence that we may be close to a deflationary monetary regime, not by the fact that the economy is losing steam. The Fed's job is to achieve price stability, pure and simple.

Printing more money doesn't produce real economic growth. Doing so will not prop up the stock market for long, as many Wall Streeters discovered after the January rate cut. Printing money can, however, produce inflation. Deviating from a stable price structure, whether through inflation or deflation, always hurts long-term economic growth. Price stability is also significant to boosting asset values. One of the reasons the Dow Jones has risen from 800 in 1982 to 10,500 today, is that inflation has been gradually sweated out of the economy from a high of 11 percent in 1979 to the 2- to 3-percent range today.

Clearly, if 16 years of falling inflation has been bullish for capital markets, it is a non sequitur to argue that rising inflation will also be bullish. It's hard to see how a loose monetary policy could be expected to cause a rally in the sagging technology stocks, for example. In the long term, the consequence of accommodating a little more inflation is a little less economic growth.

It is a mistake to think the best tool for managing the economic cycle is Fed interest rate policy changes. The *Washington Post* offers bad advice when, in an editorial, it says, "The Fed can cut rates quickly to boost growth and then move them up again when the economy recovers." Alan Greenspan and the Fed do not control interest rates in the economy. In terms of the U.S. capital market the Fed is not a very large borrower or lender and interest rates are simply the prices that clear the debt markets. There is a persuasive body of economic evidence indicating that Fed rate changes follow the market, not lead it.

Which brings us back to the fiscal side of the equation. What is needed to stave off a slowdown is a supply-side tax rate reduction that raises the after-tax rate of return on capital, creating incentives for production here in the United States. The defect of the Bush tax cut is that it may be too small and the rate cuts too insignificant to provide the supply-side boost needed. The Bush plan would lower the top tax rate from 39.6 percent to 33 percent, but only over several years. The $1.3 trillion price tag only seems enormous. The total tax revenue stream will approach $25 trillion, and the surplus is expected to be $4 trillion. In fact, the Bush tax plan is less than half as generous as the Reagan '81 tax cut.

What's needed is a plan to grow the Bush tax cut, not shrink or delay it. The 1997 capital gains tax cut had nothing but positive effects—a bullish rally in the markets, increased foreign capital investment in the United States, a huge rise in venture capital investing, and a surge of tax payments by the wealthy. That successful policy should be followed up with another capital gains rate reduction from the current 20 percent rate to 10 percent or 15 percent. (This would instantly revive the Nasdaq.) The Bush White House should also propose an expansion of IRAs to reduce the tax bias against savings. The ultimate goal should be unlimited IRAs.

All of these pro-saving, pro-investment tax cuts should be made retroactive to January 1, 2001. This would ensure that the stimulus would occur almost immediately. And if the tax package is split up, the Bush team should take the advice of representative Pat Toomey of Pennsylvania, who has proposed that income tax rate cuts come first.

One last point. Some economists, such as former Clinton chief economic adviser Laura Tyson, are complaining that the Bush tax cut should be scuttled because it cannot be imple-

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mented in time to rescue the economy from a recession. But there's no reason Bush's plan couldn't be enacted in the first 100 days of his administration.

Back in the 1970s, the United States mistakenly tried to offset the negative impact of rising tax rates with easy money. We learned that you can't tax or inflate your way to prosperity. The proper response to a slowing economy is falling tax rates and tight money. That is precisely the opposite of what too many pundits and politicians want. Let's hope Bush continues to ignore them. ♦

AmeriCorps the Beautiful

Here's how to reform Clinton's national service program for the Bush era. BY LESLIE LENKOWSKY

OF ALL THE SURVIVORS of the Clinton era, the most unlikely may be AmeriCorps, the administration's "national service" program. The idea of enlisting an army of young people to devote a year or two to community betterment for minimal compensation had been around for close to a century, with little to show for it. When President Clinton proposed his version of the idea in 1993, it met opposition from conservatives (who objected to "paying people to volunteer") and only lukewarm support from liberals (who preferred to spend the money on traditional social programs). Since getting underway in 1994, AmeriCorps has been beset with management problems and charges that its participants—or "members," in the corps lingo—were improperly involved in political activities. Proposals to eliminate its funding have been an annual ritual of the budget process, partly because Congress quickly learned it could get the White House to make deals on other items if it threatened to end AmeriCorps.

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Yet today, the program has a $330 million budget and annually enrolls over 40,000 people, 17 years of age or older, in 2,600 projects throughout the United States. Even with the end of the Clinton administration, AmeriCorps is unlikely to fade away. Because of its presence in communities, it has built a base of support among governors, mayors, and charity officials. Seeing its impact in their districts, once skeptical congressmen and senators have reassessed their opinions of the program. During the campaign, George W. Bush indicated he saw no reason to eliminate it if it were working well (and even proposed a major expansion of a sister program, the Senior Service Corps, which enlists older people for part-time assignments).

But *is* AmeriCorps working well? Notwithstanding the program's much-publicized problems, there's little doubt that its members are performing a great deal of useful service: tutoring, mentoring, assisting elderly and disabled people, cleaning up polluted waterways, organizing neighborhood crime patrols, and much more. They also add often sorely needed staff to charities—including faith-based ones, such as Habitat for Humanity and the Sisters of Notre Dame. So far, there's no evidence that the stipend for living expenses—or the $4,725 per year educational award at the end of the tour of duty (à la the GI Bill)—dampens the willingness of AmeriCorps members to volunteer without pay after their service.

But AmeriCorps is still a long way from realizing its goal of systematically mobilizing civic energies to address the nation's grass-roots problems. The number of participants is still relatively small. (The Clinton administration had plans for more than doubling the figure to 100,000, but even that is a tiny fraction of college-age young people.) Charities that could badly use help often have a hard time enlisting it from AmeriCorps, partly because they are required to put up their own money to match what the federal government pays. And despite a network of state commissions aimed at making the program responsive to local concerns, complaints about too much direction from Washington are frequently heard.

These shortcomings are largely due to the fact that AmeriCorps looks more like a traditional Washington social program than the prototype for "reinvented" government the Clinton administration proclaimed it would be. Indeed, AmeriCorps does not really recruit thousands of would-be members each year and send them out to do good throughout the country. Instead, both the Washington office and the state commissions conduct grant competitions among nonprofit organizations. The winners then recruit people who want to be AmeriCorps members, including any who may have first contacted the national office.

Among the advantages of this way of operating is that it restricts AmeriCorps to a group of organizations that know the ropes of government contracting and can be readily monitored. It also enables both Washington and the state offices to set priorities for what participants will do. During the 1996 campaign, for example, President Clinton made a com-

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mitment to increase the number of AmeriCorps members helping children learn to read. The ensuing round of grant competitions reflected this.

As a result, charities that address other problems were left contending over a smaller pot of AmeriCorps money. And young people who wished to serve their country by helping, say, the elderly or a neighborhood development effort had fewer opportunities. Some even had to incur the additional cost of moving to a different city.

AmeriCorps, in other words, reflects the needs of public officials and well-established charities as much as those of would-be volunteers and grass-roots groups. (Some organizations, such as the Boys and Girls Clubs and Colin Powell's former home, America's Promise, have even managed to get their grants written into the budget of the program's parent agency, the Corporation on National Service.) That does not make AmeriCorps a bad program; its grantees usually have a good record and can be counted on to handle government money responsibly. But it does make it a limited one.

The new administration should consider broadening the mission of AmeriCorps. This would entail some risks, but would not be difficult. Instead of running a competition for nonprofit organizations, AmeriCorps and its state affiliates could set up a selection process for individuals, possibly something as simple as a lottery. The volunteers chosen could then each receive a voucher and would have a period of time—three months, perhaps—to find a charity willing to put them to work. Any organization with meaningful work to be done that meets the standards of a recognized accrediting agency, such as the United Way or the National Association of Evangelicals, would be allowed to redeem the voucher to compensate the AmeriCorps member. Smaller, loosely structured groups could be approved through a vetting process similar to those used for non-traditional applicants in the states with the best provisions for charter schools.

The most immediate result of this new way of operating would be that a much wider group of charities, concerned with a much broader range of problems, would benefit from AmeriCorps. And people interested in serving would find the barriers to doing so reduced. Some might choose to spend their time, say, at the nursing home that had looked after their grandparents or to work full-time for a church group in their home neighborhood. The program's cost per member might go down, too, since the administrative burdens that come with government grants would be reduced. In addition, more members might be able to live at home or with friends and thus participate in AmeriCorps for just an educational award—as one-third of members already do.

AmeriCorps reflects the needs of public officials and well-established charities as much as those of volunteers and grass-roots groups.

On the other hand, scattering AmeriCorps members far and wide among the nation's charities would make it much harder to confirm impressive-sounding statistics about numbers of children tutored, vacant lots cleaned up, and houses built. Nor would politicians have as many opportunities to be photographed at rallies of young people wearing AmeriCorps sweatshirts. More important, ensuring that the tens of thousands of participants really did perform meaningful work would be harder if they were attached to a wider array of organizations, including many unversed in government accounting.

Yet any program genuinely aimed at unleashing civic energies to solve local problems is bound to confront these difficulties. Most of the nation's charities are small and count their successes in small numbers. The most effective ones are frequently the least visible and least willing to be used as political props. Good management skills are by no means unappreciated or absent. But they may be less important to those in charge than doing what is necessary, even if it might later dismay the auditors. A government program that seriously aimed to assist grass-roots charities simply could not operate with military precision.

This has always been the difficulty with national service. Its advocates envisage a force capable of attacking local problems with all the vigor of a military mobilization. A century ago, William James—a pacifist looking for a constructive outlet for young men's energies—embraced national service as the "moral equivalent of war." Though hardly the creation of pacifists, AmeriCorps partakes of the notion that it offers an alternative to military service. It is organized along platoon-like lines and uses oaths, insignia, and uniforms. A small wing of the program even operates out of former or downsized military bases.

Few of the nation's voluntary groups share that character. Instead of disciplined, goal-oriented teams, they rely on loose collections of independent-minded citizens to help with ventures whose outcomes are often uncertain and far in the future. Those community groups that achieve lasting impact usually do so by cultivating numerous, slow-maturing relationships in which personal commitment and persistence count for more than esprit de corps. Making charities really work depends less on martial values than on philanthropic and spiritual ones.

Supplementing the current AmeriCorps with a voucher-based model well-adapted to problem-solving in local communities would make the program work better. More important, it would allow AmeriCorps members to derive from their service a truer understanding of our national civic life. ♦

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Spend More on Defense—Now

For an immediate $18 billion, Bush can show he's serious. BY GARY SCHMITT AND TOM DONNELLY

TO HIS CREDIT, George W. Bush made national defense an issue in his campaign. By raising the problem of military preparedness and, now, choosing a forceful defense secretary in Donald Rumsfeld, the incoming president has put himself in a strong position to follow through on an important policy priority and win a significant political victory.

To do so, Bush can take a page from The Gipper's playbook by moving quickly to request a healthy supplemental appropriation for defense. Ronald Reagan, just seven weeks after his inauguration in 1981, sent a revised defense budget request to Capitol Hill for $12 billion—more than $22 billion in today's dollars. By June 4, Congress had given him almost everything he'd asked for. Importantly, Reagan's early victory on defense relied heavily on support from conservative Democrats.

Bush could follow a similar path. There is growing recognition in Congress that the military's problems require immediate attention. Last week, a group of congressional defense leaders went to Austin to deliver just this message to Bush. The delegation included conservative, pro-defense Democrats like Rep. John Murtha of Pennsylvania—the sort of ally Bush will need in order to realize not only his defense plans but his larger agenda as well. Murtha said he was "impressed" by Bush and told him, "The people in this room are going to support you on national defense." This is not empty bipartisanship: A significant defense supplemental appropriation—by, say, $18 billion—would mark a basic reversal of Clinton administration policy.

And Bush could make a very strong case for it. The Pentagon's immediate problems are severe: degraded combat readiness; prematurely obsolescent equipment suffering the effects of increased use and lack of spare parts; personnel shortages, especially among highly trained specialists like pilots and front-line leaders; a declining quality of military life, especially for those serving overseas; and so on.

Congress is familiar with these complaints. For the last several years, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have provided Congress with lists of their "unfunded requirements." Last year, they reported to Congress more than $15 billion in unmet needs for 2001 and nearly $18 billion for 2002; a new estimate totaling $30 billion is said to be in the works.

There's not much to criticize on the chiefs' lists—mostly spare parts, improved combat training, and other very basic needs, as opposed to controversial, expensive new weapons. As Marine commandant Gen. James Jones stressed in his cover letter with last spring's list, "My most critical shortfalls . . . include recruiting and retention initiatives, family housing, barracks, . . . depot maintenance, corrosion control, and operating forces support. [M]odernization through updates of existing aviation and ground platforms continues to be stressed."

An additional $18 billion appropriation for defense could:

—make the pay and benefits improvements Bush advocated in the campaign retroactive to the 2001 fiscal year, for $4.5 billion;

—fund 80 percent of the service chiefs' unmet readiness and short-term modernization requirements, at a cost of $12 billion; and

—begin the development of a robust missile defense by adding $500 million to the Space Based Infrared System, especially for the SBIRS-Low constellation of satellites, and $500 million to accelerate the Navy Theater-Wide ballistic missile defense program.

During the campaign, Bush correctly talked about not merely rebuilding the military to make up for the problems of the Clinton years, but reforming the Defense Department as well. During the transition, the Bush camp has stressed reform—in Pentagon parlance, "transformation" through the "revolution in military affairs"—rather than mere rebuilding.

It's also clear that Bush selected Rumsfeld for this purpose. During the press conference announcing the nomination, Bush urged Rumsfeld "to challenge the status quo inside the Pentagon, to develop a strategy necessary to have a force equipped for warfare of the 21st century." Rumsfeld got the message: "It is clearly not a time at the Pentagon for presiding or calibrating modestly," he said in response. "We need to be arranged to deal with the new threats, not the old ones, with information warfare, missile defense, terrorism, defense of our space assets, and proliferation of the weapons of mass destruction throughout the world."

Yet the transformation of the U.S. military that is required will take decades, as Bush acknowledged during the campaign. Before that work can begin, and to maintain American military preeminence through the long transition, the current force must be restored. The combination of steep cuts and increased operations not only has left the military gasping to meet existing commitments, but also makes our present armed forces a weak foundation upon which to build the force of the future. Like an injured or exhausted athlete, the military needs to regain its fitness be-

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fore training for the next Olympics.

Solving these pressing problems must be the first order of business if the U.S. armed forces are to reflect America's global leadership and continue the large number and variety of missions that have marked the post-Cold War era under both the Clinton and the previous Bush administrations. While it is important to build a different and dominant military force to meet the emerging threats, the United States cannot afford to take the 20-year "strategic pause" advocated by some transformation enthusiasts. In fact, to those working long hours to overcome a variety of shortages, the need for spare parts is more compelling than the need for transformation. And, indeed, Rumsfeld appears to understand this, suggesting at his confirmation hearing that an immediate infusion of money is needed.

The Bush team no doubt increasingly appreciates the fact that failure to address these immediate needs will hamper not only current military missions but also their own efforts at reform. This link between current problems and future solutions was captured in a recent memo from Gen. John Abrams, head of the Army's Training and Doctrine Command, which would direct transformation programs. Writing to Army chief of staff Gen. Eric Shinseki, a strong proponent of transformation, Abrams made it clear that "unless funding increases across the board, [the command] will fall further behind in these key development areas which underpin the future Army."

Promptly upon taking office, then, Bush should seize the opportunity to deliver on a significant campaign pledge. Beyond the material improvements that would result from an $18 billion shot in the arm for defense, a quick supplemental appropriation or budget amendment would go a long way toward restoring the confidence of people in uniform. And it would be the basis for future transformation. A serious defense supplemental appropriation would combine good politics and good policy. ♦

Think Portability, Not Vouchers

The key federal education reform would fund students, not schools. BY CHESTER E. FINN JR.

PRESIDENT BUSH has pledged to send his first education bill to Capitol Hill within hours of his inauguration, a symbol of the priority he assigns to the issue that garnered so much campaign attention and looms so large in his Texas record of accomplishment.

This will kick off the busiest two years of education policy-making in Washington since Lyndon Johnson's day. Even if the White House were inert, the 107th Congress would have its hands full with reauthorization of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act—on which the previous Congress made good headway but eventually gave up—and the tangle of federal education research, statistics, and assessment programs. In 2002, the big "special education" program for disabled children also comes due for renewal.

Despite the whopping spending increases that Clinton and Congress lavished on education programs of every description, none of them is working well. It's past time to shift from an archaic focus on how and where the money is spent to an emphasis on whether children are actually learning. It's past time to move from a "compliance" model (in which states and communities merely show that they're following Washington's rules) to a "tight-loose" strategy that frees states and schools to do what they think best so long as they produce student-achievement gains. It's past time to switch from funding school systems to aiding needy kids.

Such changes would bring federal education policy into the modern era, would harmonize it with promising state-level reforms, and would alter Washington's role from troublemaker to partner. But of course that's easier said than done. The teacher unions, school boards, old-line civil rights organizations, and other potent interest groups cling doggedly to the Great Society-era status quo. So do most of the editorial writers. Though governors claim to want more control over federal education dollars, up to now they've shunned the heavy political lifting. And congressional Democrats are understandably wary of ceding any of the education territory to Republicans.

Striding into this briar patch is the most serious "education president" since LBJ. During the campaign, Bush painted a sweeping reform vision (before succumbing to Clinton-Gore-style programmitis). In Rod Paige, he's picked an able reformer for education secretary. He's installed a trusted Austin education staffer as chief domestic strategist at the White House. And he rounded up all the available GOP education talent to help with the transition.

It's a moment of great potential and high drama. As the play unfolds, watch for three signals:

First, how does the Bush team handle "accountability"? Everyone agrees that states and schools must show improved academic results, but how to cajole or coerce this from the banks of the Potomac? The Tex-

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ans seem to think they can extend Lone Star-style reform to the entire country. But that strategy is top-down and centrally controlled, dependent on three forms of leverage that Washington currently lacks: explicit academic standards; annual tests of student performance; and consequences for kids and schools based on how they perform on those tests.

It's a formula that's worked well in Texas and some other states. But can it be imposed from Washington? Don't count on it.

After a miserable experience with national standards during the first Bush administration, Congress isn't going there again. Which means states will continue to set their own standards. But many of those are vague and touchy-feely. Will Bush and Paige second-guess the states? The Clintonites lacked the will—and congressional backing—to do so.

As for tests, nearly every state has lots of them, but they can't be compared with each other and they don't always tell the truth. Clinton proposed a "voluntary national test" but that idea was shot down from the left and right. (The principal Senate marksman was attorney general-designate John Ashcroft.) And if the White House tries to convert the existing National Assessment into a high-stakes test, it will corrupt our surest indicator of how U.S. students are doing.

Even if the standards and testing parts could be worked out, what would Uncle Sam use for rewards and sanctions? Congress has never wanted to grant or withhold education dollars on the basis of academic performance, a practice that is said to enrich schools that are already succeeding while weakening those in greatest need.

Which brings up the second litmus issue: vouchers. During the campaign, Bush proposed to use "exit vouchers" to punish errant schools by allowing their students to depart for greener education pastures. Following a strategy that brother Jeb pioneered in Florida, he would let poor kids take their federal Title I money (about $800 apiece) to the school of their choice if—and only if—their original public school failed to make academic gains for three consecutive years.

Limited as it is, this proposal terrifies the public-education blob. Congressional Democrats have warned Bush that persevering with any sort of voucher will cause a legislative train wreck. (And weak-kneed transitioners have already hinted that they won't fall on the voucher sword.)

Talk about a mouse upsetting an elephant! Despite the furor, the Bush voucher proposal is barely that. Far from conferring the right to choose their schools upon millions of federally aided youngsters, it's really a small part of the public-school accountability scheme, to be triggered only in rare circumstances. Nor is $800 enough to pay tuition anywhere.

Limited as it is, the Bush voucher proposal terrifies the public-education blob. Talk about a mouse upsetting an elephant!

Most important, "exit vouchers" don't solve the central problem of the LBJ-era education programs. (Nor would a battery of new tests.) The core issue is that today the money belongs to school systems rather than to students. Thus Washington actually *impedes* school choice. Many states and communities—including Rod Paige's Houston—have made impressive strides in opening education options for children. Yet federal programs remain stuck in the 1960s, protected fiercely by the school establishment. A family may opt for a charter school, for a public school in a nearby district, even (in Milwaukee or Cleveland) for a private school, and it can count on state—and sometimes local—dollars moving with the child. Washington's money, however, stays in the public school system where the family lives.

Will the Bush team press for funding children instead of institutions? Listen for the word "portability," the third key test. *Higher* education policy got there in 1972 when a Democratic Congress and the Nixon White House, after much debate, agreed that Washington's main vehicle for aiding post-secondary schooling would be grants and loans attached to individual students rather than direct campus subsidies.

Portability would do far more good than exit vouchers by way of reforming Washington's troubled K-12 programs. And it has a further advantage. Bush-style exit vouchers would be imposed everywhere, including places that want no part of school choice. Hence a huge political ruckus will surround this little mouse of a program.

Portability, though affecting far more children, should be easier to enact so long as federal law leaves the states in the driver's seat. The key is for Washington to wrap itself around the principle of *neutrality* with respect to school choice. The White House and Congress should make the federal dollars portable but invite each state to set its own limits. Federal moneys would move precisely as far as each state allows its own funds to travel.

This is *not* a federal voucher program. It defers to states to work through the thorny choice issue in their own ways. It merely gets Uncle Sam out of the way.

Accountability. Exit vouchers. Portability. Watch how these are handled. Worry if you see the Bushies putting all their policy eggs in the standards-and-testing basket. Worry, too, if exit-vouchers are allowed to become either panacea or train-wrecker. They aren't worth it. But cheer when you hear the word portability. It's the single reform that would do the most good. ♦

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From the Golden State to the Blackout State

Don't blame deregulation for California's electricity problems.

By William Tucker

The Kaiser Aluminum plant in Mead, Washington, is a power-hungry smelting operation that draws cheap electricity from 29 federally constructed hydroelectric dams run by the Bonneville Power Administration. Thanks to vast federal investment, Kaiser pays only about $22.50 per megawatt-hour (mwh) to keep its smelters going.

Last November, however, Kaiser saw a better business opportunity. It closed down its smelting plant until October 2001 (laying off 545 workers in the process) and started reselling its Bonneville electricity to California utilities for $555 per mwh, 25 times what they paid for it. "We're obviously not in the business of selling electricity," says Susan Ash, company spokesperson. "But in the short term it makes sense."

Ordinary consumers of electricity in neighboring Tacoma, Washington, were less fortunate. Their power bills contained a 50 percent surcharge. Because power supplies were tight in California, secretary of energy Bill Richardson had ordered Tacoma Power to share its Bonneville allotment with the Golden State. To meet its own needs, the municipal utility found itself buying electricity on the spot market for $3,000 per mwh. Tacoma ratepayers made up the difference.

California has become an environmentally self-righteous black hole, sucking power and efficiency out of neighboring states. Now the damage is about to spread even further. In early January, the state's two largest utilities—Pacific Gas and Electric (which operates in the north) and Southern California Edison (south to Los Angeles)—announced they are on the verge of bankruptcy. The overnight evaporation of the net worth of two of the nation's largest utility companies shook Wall Street. California governor Gray Davis spent most of last week in Washington trying to persuade the Clinton administration to spread the pain. As the San Jose *Mercury News* editorialized, "The intervention of Energy Secretary Bill Richardson . . . [is] necessary to assure an adequate supply of electricity at an affordable price."

Adequate electricity at an affordable price—isn't that the birthright of every tree-hugging, Sierra-Club-dues-paying Information Age specialist from Santa Monica to Silicon Valley? Figuring out the logistics—well that's somebody else's problem.

To almost every one of the nation's pundits, the root of the California fiasco was transparent: "Deregulation is undoubtedly at fault," proclaimed the *Industry Standard*, proving once again that Silicon Valley may know ASPs and DVDs, but it doesn't understand economics. "The experience raises questions about deregulation," intoned Paul Krugman, resident economist on the *New York Times* editorial page. "And more broadly, it is a warning about the dangers of placing blind faith in markets." In his annual address to the legislature on January 8, Governor Davis called deregulation a "colossal and dangerous failure" and proposed a state takeover of the entire electrical generating system with jail sentences for executives of any independent power company that refused to sell at prescribed prices.

But deregulation is not the cause of California's power crisis. In the first place, the state deregulated only half the market. In 1997, it freed *wholesale* prices, while it froze *retail* prices so consumers would feel no pain if prices rose. Caught now between dwindling supplies and unfettered demand, the utilities have been left to subsidize California energy consumption to the tune of $11 billion in ten months. Since this is money the utilities don't have, they now find themselves $11 billion in debt.

More important, no regulatory scheme can ever neutralize the underlying realities of supply and demand. All it can do is temporarily cover them up. In 1999, California imported 21 percent of its electricity from out of state—more than 40 percent during peak loads. Last year, demand increased 5 percent, twice the national average. Yet state

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officials have not allowed the construction of a single new power plant in over ten years. Even as brownouts and blackouts were imposed last summer, opposition to increasing production remained adamant. When PG&E sought authorization to set up clean-burning gas turbines with a capacity of 95 megawatts on barges in San Francisco Bay last July to meet shortages, mayor Willie Brown shot down the proposal on clean air grounds. In San Jose, a proposed natural-gas-fired generating station capable of producing 600 megawatts has been blocked because of opposition from both the city of San Jose and Cisco Systems, the Internet giant and leading local employer.

Deregulation is not the core problem. California's energy crisis, with its looming adverse impact on the entire economy, has occurred because the Digital Age's flower children—like many a comfortable elite before them—are obsessed with maintaining the purity of their own environment.

It's already a century since economist Thorstein Veblen described the underlying phenomenon. In *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (1899), he explained how the people who get rich in industry become the leading critics of the industrial economy. Instead of singing the praises of the system that produced their wealth, they try to pretend their fortunes derive from mysterious sources that others can't tap. They aspire to be like the Bostonian lady in the Henry James novel whose hat is admired by a woman from up-and-coming New York. "Where did you buy it?" asks the New Yorker, to which the woman from the center of old wealth replies, "My dear, in Boston we don't buy hats, we simply have them."

Veblen put it this way:

> The leisure class is in a great measure sheltered from the stress of those economic exigencies which prevail in any modern, highly organized industrial community. . . . As a consequence of this privileged position we should expect to find it one of the least responsive of the classes of society to the demands which the situation makes for a further growth of institutions and a readjustment to an altered industrial situation. . . . The office of the leisure class in social evolution is to retard the movement and to conserve what is obsolescent.

This is just what we observe today. In the early years of the environmental movement, high-minded, well-heeled people called attention to long-neglected problems, such as air and water pollution and harmful pesticides. Because these were proper subjects for concern, the public never noticed that at bottom the environmentalists opposed *all* progress. Most people are willing to make sacrifices to improve the industrial system. But leisure-class environmentalists have already taken what they want from the system and are preoccupied with slowing further development—with blocking, say, the expansion of power production. Locating a power plant always inconveniences someone. The objections of nearby residents are usually overcome by political or economic incentives such as property-tax windfalls for the host community. Environmentalists, however, have been able to orchestrate such grievances and give them political resonance and legitimacy. What is dangerous is that, because such attitudes are aristocratic, they have a strong appeal. As Veblen understood,

> By virtue of its high position as the avatar of good form, the wealthier class comes to exert a retarding influence upon social development far in excess of that which the simple numerical strength of the class would assign it. Its prescriptive example acts to greatly stiffen the resistance of all other classes against any innovation.

To declare yourself an environmentalist is to show you have arrived.

So things have gone in California. In 1970, the state had 20 million people and generated all of its own electricity. Utilities were in the process of building nuclear power plants. The Sierra Club was an early theoretical supporter, arguing that nuclear power would reduce air pollution. When it came to building actual plants, however, the Sierra Club switched sides and joined the other environmental groups for whom nuclear power was a tool of the devil. Environmental opposition brought nuclear construction to a halt by 1980, although the state continues to benefit from past construction, deriving 16 percent of its electricity from nuclear energy.

What was the alternative? At first, environmental groups campaigned nationally for imported low-sulfur oil. When the energy crisis of the 1970s made it obvious that oil supplies would be expensive and unreliable, they settled on "clean" coal. Between 1980 and 1990, almost 90 percent of new generating capacity around the country was designed to burn coal. Amazingly, California did not go along. To this day the state does not have a single coal-burning plant on its soil. Instead, California utilities built coal-burning plants in Utah and Nevada and shipped the power back home.

In 1997, the Clinton administration began an aggressive campaign to further tighten national clean air standards. According to the original interpretation of the 1990 Clean Air Act, utilities were not required to bring old coal-burning plants into compliance with new standards unless the plants were significantly expanded. But in 1999 the EPA changed its stance. It began requiring utilities to install the expensive technology on older plants when they underwent *routine maintenance*. Since 1990, 63 plants pro-

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ducing 2,600 megawatts have been taken out of service.

If oil is too expensive and coal too dirty, what does that leave? "The favored fuel, by default, has become natural gas," says Bill Brier, vice president of marketing and communications at the Edison Electric Institute in Washington. "Nobody feels very comfortable about it, particularly with natural gas supplies starting to dwindle. But public authorities won't let us build anything else." Ninety percent of the power plants under construction today are expected to burn natural gas. Many can't burn anything else.

Until the 1990s, burning natural gas for electricity was considered wasteful. Natural gas heats half the homes in the country and is an important raw material for the fertilizer industry. Yet because of the inexorable march toward environmental purity, low-polluting natural gas is now used to generate 15 percent of the nation's electricity—and 31 percent of California's. Of course, just because environmentalists grudgingly accept burning natural gas for electricity doesn't mean they support *drilling* for it. Largely because of environmental opposition, domestic natural gas production has not increased significantly in a decade. We now import 17 percent of our natural gas from Canada, three times as much as in 1989. Prices on the spot market quadrupled in 2000.

Amazingly—but perhaps predictably—environmental groups are now beginning to oppose natural gas power stations as well. "If we need more energy, let it be from environmentally friendly sources, not from jet fuel-burning engines," said Bradley Angel, executive director of Greenaction, in leading the successful opposition to the San Francisco barges last summer. (The Sierra Club, to its credit, has supported the San Jose plant that Cisco opposes.) Just to top things off, environmental groups have also opposed new transmission lines, mostly on the now-discredited grounds that they might cause cancer. Even though California imports one-fifth of its energy and thus must transport electricity long distances, the state relies on a seriously inadequate transmission system.

Throughout this long downward spiral, environmental groups have touted two alternative strategies: renewable energy (hydropower, solar, wind, geothermal, etc.) and energy conservation. Yet in practice, they oppose even "clean and renewable" sources. Although the West Coast still gets more than half its electricity from hydropower, and California gets 43 percent, environmentalists are campaigning to *tear down* hydroelectric dams in Washington and Oregon. Generating capacity of more than 1,600 megawatts has been eliminated in recent years as dams were withdrawn from use. In Los Angeles, the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club have blocked windmill farms on the grounds that they would kill endangered condors. Environmentalists oppose geothermal projects because they desecrate natural landmarks—geysers. Solar panels, of course, have extremely limited value for producing electricity. After 20 years of effort, geothermal, wind, solar, and biomass (burning firewood, garbage, or old tires) supply only 9 percent of California's electricity.

And so we are left with conservation, currently the environmentalists' favorite strategy. Energy conservation makes good sense and could probably be improved, except that environmentalists and public officials are never willing to use the one incentive that would make people conserve power: market prices.

Since the Progressive Era, every state has administered its electricity market as a publicly owned monopoly, or utility. In practice, this has meant holding down consumer prices while assuring utilities a small profit on each new plant. In the 1970s, environmentalists argued quite effectively that this policy had produced much unnecessary generating capacity, including nuclear plants.

During the 1980s and 1990s, state utility commissions reversed the policy and started subsidizing and sometimes mandating conservation. The Natural Resources Defense Council says that thanks to hundreds of millions in state investment in conservation, demand in California is 200 megawatts less a year than it would be otherwise, the equivalent of a small power plant. Yet even with improved efficiency—and the slowing of the state's population growth—demand for power has continued to rise in California, mainly because of the digital economy. Despite early speculation that improved information would help conserve energy, the Internet has turned out to be a devourer of electricity. Silicon Valley had the fastest growth in demand for energy in the country last year: 12 percent. Moreover, as the *Industry Standard* notes, "an uninterrupted energy flow is especially critical for high-tech firms. Blips as brief as 1/60th of a second can zap computers and other electronic gear, and blackouts can be catastrophic."

In an attempt to start reconciling supply and demand, the federal government finally moved toward deregulation. In 1995, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission announced it would free all prices for electricity sold interstate and encouraged states to free prices in their local markets. Twenty-four states did so. In truth, no state has deregulated completely, although most have loosened the reins. But few are facing supply problems on the scale of California's. Illinois gets all its power from coal and nuclear and exports electricity. Texas has built 22 new power plants since 1995 and is also an exporter. Both Texas and Pennsylvania allowed utilities to retain some of their own generating capacity; most important, they let the companies han-

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dle their own affairs, entering long-term contracts with suppliers.

California opted for a pseudo-market overseen by the California Independent Systems Operator. First, the state broke up the "vertical monopolies," forcing companies to sell their generating plants to the new breed of independent energy companies such as Calpine, Enron, and Exelon. Second and perhaps more devastating, California forbade utilities to enter long-term contracts with wholesalers. Instead, they were forced to shop on the day-ahead spot market, through the Independent Systems Operator. Even then, politicians couldn't bear to tell consumers the bad news. The state legislature froze retail prices until 2002 (with the complicity, it should be noted, of the utilities, which were expecting a price drop). The window to disaster was open.

It didn't take long. In the summer of 2000, as rising demand pushed against dwindling supply, cities up and down the West Coast were forced into revolving blackouts. By December, California Steel in Los Angeles had interrupted production seven times. The Claremont Colleges canceled night classes and closed libraries during final exams. On December 7, the state's first Stage 3 emergency shut down the giant pumps along the aqueduct that supplies Southern California with water. (Winter, remember, is the season of *low* demand for power. The big strain will come next summer.) In December, the *Wall Street Journal* interviewed a PG&E executive in his San Francisco office as he forlornly surveyed a garish Christmas display on a neighboring building. "We're subsidizing every one of those light bulbs," he moaned. "Yet I can't even get those people to turn them off during the day." By January, the utilities were begging the California Public Utilities Commission for a 25 percent consumer rate increase. Under extreme pressure from consumer groups, the commission granted only a 10 percent increase, virtually ensuring that the utilities would become insolvent.

Where have conservation-minded environmentalists been during all of this? Hiding under the table, of course. "We don't have a position on rate increases," said Craig Noble of the Natural Resources Defense Council's San Francisco office. "Our policy is that the state should be spending more money on energy conservation."

Environmentalists are right to lie low. As long as confusion reigns, California residents will never have to contemplate the simple equation that says universal opposition to power plants equals rising rates for electric power. By making it nearly impossible to build power plants, environmentalists have given the new power wholesalers a virtual monopoly, with high prices assured.

Would reregulation solve the problem? Not for a minute. If the state tried to hold wholesale prices low, out-of-state suppliers would simply refuse to sell in the California market. Unless some kind of extradition treaty can be negotiated, Governor Davis is going to have trouble throwing Washington and Utah executives into jail. Instead, energy price controls will produce their logical result—energy shortages. The only clear solution is for California residents to face the unalterable choice: sacrifice a little on environmental standards, or pay ever-escalating prices for electricity. It is precisely this confrontation with reality that California's liberal political establishment works day and night to avoid.

Eventually, the solution to California's energy problems may involve lining the Nevada border with coal plants and pumping electricity to Los Angeles and San Francisco by underground transmission lines. Yet even this won't happen until the state's liberal establishment is willing to make one simple concession: You can't be a "consumerist" and an "environmentalist" at the same time. "Clean energy at prices everyone can afford" is a perpetual pipe dream conjured up in front of wood fires in mountain hideaways. In the real world there must be compromises. So far, no one in the Golden State has been willing to make them. ♦

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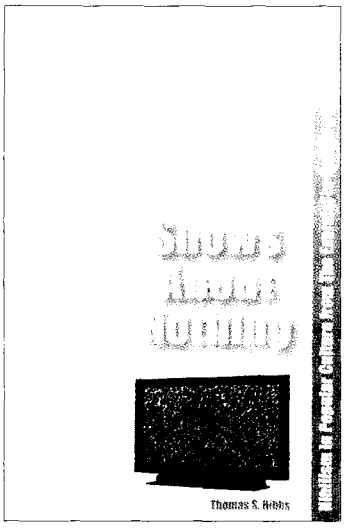

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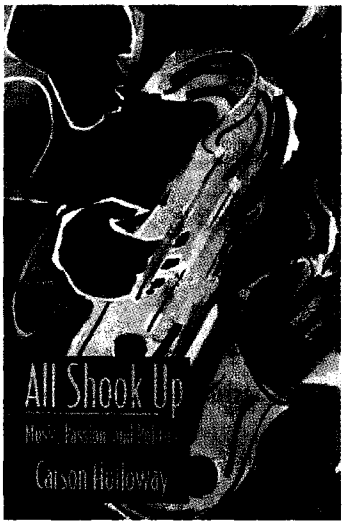

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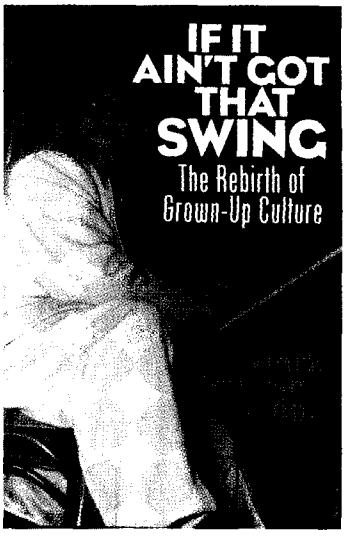

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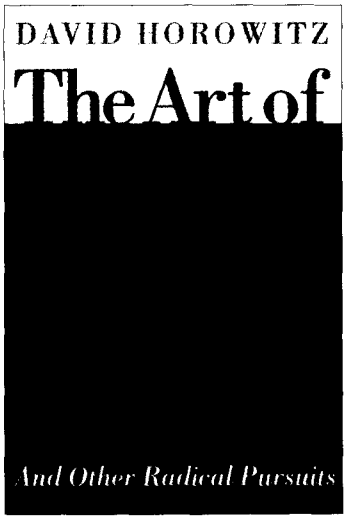

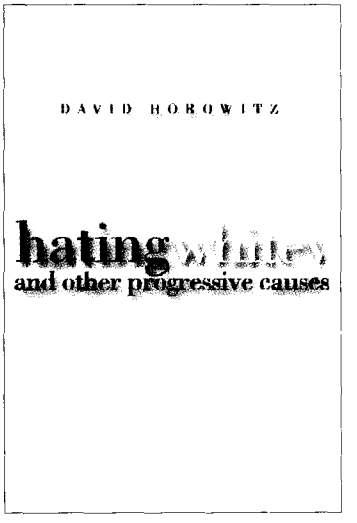

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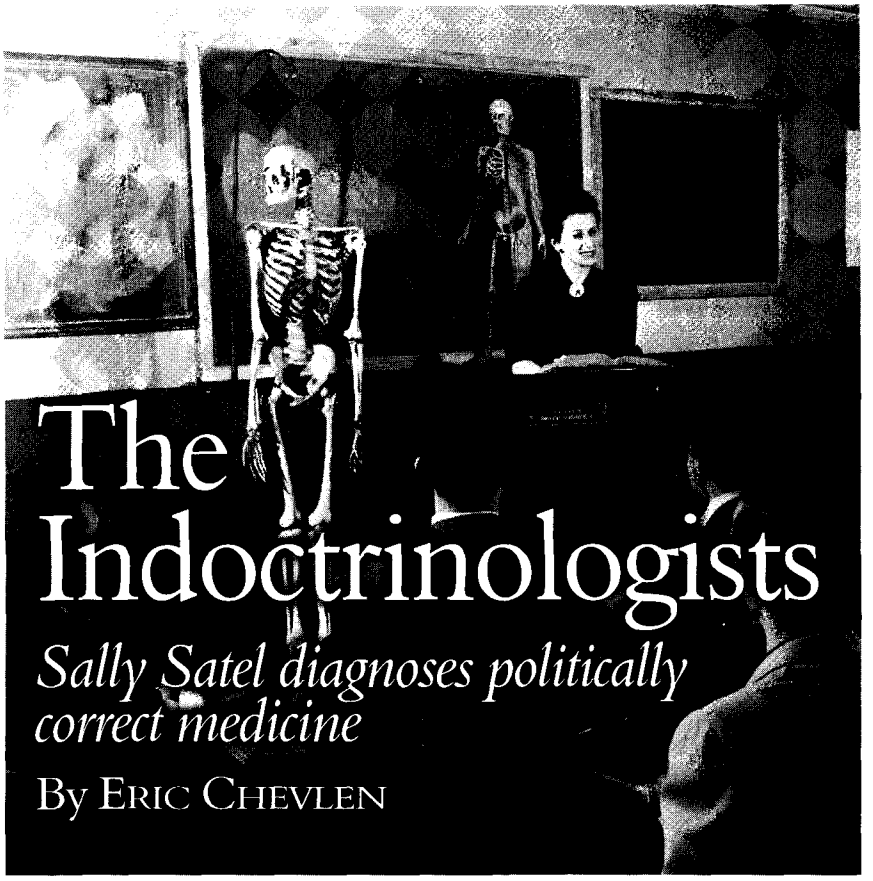

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The Indoctrinologists

Sally Satel diagnoses politically correct medicine

By Eric Chevlen

John O'Sullivan, editor at large of *National Review*, famously observed that all organizations that are not explicitly right-wing become left-wing over time. For those who thought that science and the practice of medicine could somehow be a haven from such corruption, Dr. Sally Satel has some sobering news.

The "indoctrinologists" are everywhere—in the medical schools, the post-graduate programs, on the editorial boards of prestigious medical journals and the directorates of academic societies, and of course very much in the government bureaus regulating the practice of medicine. Like the criminologists who prefer attacking the "root causes" of illegal behavior to jailing criminals, the indoctrinologists seek to promote the nation's health by exposing and extirpating the deep-seated sources of our suffering. We are a sick society, they say, both literally and figuratively. Not surprisingly, the health experts have identified the chief pathogens of our sickness to be capitalism, meritocracy, and even the scientific method itself.

Eric Chevlen practices medical oncology and pain medicine in Youngstown, Ohio.

Satel is a practicing psychiatrist, with particular expertise in the difficult field of treating drug addiction. She is also the W.H. Brady Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. Her book reflects both these facts. Particularly good are the firsthand descriptions of the depredations political correctness has wrought in psychiatry and psychology. Less praiseworthy is the heavily annotated book's occasional glut of statistics and quotations.

PC, M.D.
How Political Correctness Is Corrupting Medicine
by Sally Satel
Basic, 285 pp., $27

The intrusion of political correctness into medical practice is no mere academic concern. It has real victims, even casualties. *PC, M.D.* tells the story of Margaret Mary Ray, who suffered from schizophrenia. Ray's life was a series of sojourns in psychiatric hospitals and jails, distinguished only by her brief notoriety for delusionally stalking comic David Letterman. Like many schizophrenics, she managed fairly well as long as she took her medicine, but deteriorated rapidly whenever she stopped. After she was arrested, a judge released her and, according to the *New York Times*, "openly lamented the absence of any legal mechanism to make sure she received medical help." Two months later, in October 1998, Ray knelt in front of an onrushing coal train and was instantly killed.

Actively psychotic patients, riven by delusions and hallucinations, usually lack the insight to recognize their need for medication. Treatment must often be imposed by court order. But a small but vocal cadre of former psychiatric patients and civil liberties lawyers are eager to block such interventions. Satel writes, "Being required to take medication is hardly a violation of the civil rights of a person who is too ill to exercise free will in the first place. The freedom to be psychotic is not freedom."

The former psychiatric patients who have banded together to fight the scientific treatment of mental disorders call themselves "consumer-survivors." Their movement—including groups like the Insane Liberation Front, founded in 1970—grew out of the radicalism of the 1960s, which romanticized psychotics as dissidents, and demonized psychiatry as an instrument of social control by the ruling class. Activists have been successful in paring involuntary treatment laws, and in restricting the availability of electroconvulsive therapy, probably the safest and fastest therapy for life-threatening melancholic depression in the elderly. Ironically, the consumer-survivors who are active in the movement are not at all representative of the group they purport to speak for. Only the most functional of mental health patients have the personal and social resources to pursue such activity.

Indoctrinologists see victims of oppression elsewhere too. According to them, the entire structure of society is patriarchal and oppressive of women. It is no surprise, then, that nursing, a career traditionally dominated by women, is a major battleground in the war of political correctness.

One manifestation of this is "therapeutic touch," a nursing intervention

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that does not even merit the description of unproven, since it is now disproved. Therapeutic touch is a double misnomer, since no actual touching is involved, and its therapeutic benefits are illusory. The practitioner passes her hands over a patient to adjust the "human energy field." Sometimes she literally shakes the bad energy off her hands at the foot of the bed.

While therapeutic touch is justifiably risible, its impact is not. Articles on the subject appear in major nursing journals, and courses in its method are taught at national meetings. At heart, therapeutic touch is a rejection of evidence-based medicine, even of science itself. The rigors of the scientific method are seen by the minions of political correctness as an active devaluing of the feminist view of reality—the reality described in *Nursing Science Quarterly* as "open-ended, ambiguous, dynamically constructed, incessantly questioned, endlessly self-revising, never set, but floating and moving with the river of life."

Feminism is also the force behind the myth of the second-class medical citizen. Senator Hillary Clinton has remarked on the "appalling degree to which women were routinely excluded from major clinical trials of most illnesses." During the recent campaign, vice president Al Gore said, "Throughout my career, I have fought for more research funds for those diseases so recently considered less important because they befell only women, such as breast cancer . . . I pledge to you: Women's health will always be at the top of my agenda."

Satel writes, "It is hard to know what more Gore could do. Women represented 62 percent of the more than six million participants in NIH-funded research in 1997." The occasional gender disparity seen in clinical trials comes not from a purposeful exclusion of women, but from the unequal distribution of illness in society. For example, middle-aged men (especially smokers) are at much greater risk of coronary artery disease than are their wives and sisters. It is mathematically demonstrable that any clinical trial of such a male-predominant disease which made a point of including men and women in equal numbers would necessarily (1) cost more, (2) take longer, (3) require more patients, or (4) be less conclusive. By the same token, studies of Alzheimer's disease must enroll more women than men, since women are at greater risk of developing it. Since women live an average of seven years more than men, and make more doctor visits than men, it would be unreasonable to claim that they are victims of societal health care oppression.

And that brings us to the question of race. Satel argues that the disparity of treatment for serious diseases, such as coronary artery disease, end-stage kidney failure, and cerebrovascular disease, should not be conclusively interpreted as evidence of racial prejudice in the health care system. Here she is directly at odds with politically correct propaganda.

The rigors of the scientific method are seen by the minions of political correctness as active devaluing of the feminist view of reality.

Satel carefully dissects the well-publicized study by Kevin Schulman and others at Georgetown University Medical Center. The researcher recruited 720 general internists at medical conventions, and asked them to make a medical decision concerning four "patients" portrayed on videotape by actors. The actors were a black man, a black woman, a white man, and a white woman. They gave comparable histories in the videotape, and had similar laboratory findings.

Schulman reported his findings in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*. He said that 91 percent of the white male patients were referred for cardiac catheterization, while black men, and women of both races, were referred for cardiac catheterization 85 percent of the time. "Our finding . . . may suggest bias on the part of the physicians," he wrote. "However, our study could not assess the form of bias. Bias may represent overt prejudice on the part of physicians or, more likely, could be the result of subconscious perceptions rather than deliberate actions or thoughts."

Satel points out that the study was widely reported when it was published, but the legitimate criticism it received went practically unnoticed in the popular media. One criticism was based on the fact that the physician audience assessing the videotaped interviews found white males "most likely to sue." Perhaps the blacks and women were not being referred for cardiac catheterization too little; perhaps the white men were being referred too much. A more serious criticism is based on the statistical sleight of hand that Schulman employed. As one powerful rebuttal pointed out, the Schulman analysis compared the referral rate for white men with that for the aggregate of the other three groups. If the aggregate were broken up into three groups, the data would show that white men, white women, and black men were all referred with the same frequency. Only black women had a significantly lower referral rate. For reasons that remain unclear, they were 88 percent as likely as white women and men of both races to be referred for catheterization. The editors of the *New England Journal* took the unusual step of apologizing to their readers: "We take responsibility for the media's overinterpretation of [this] article . . . The evidence of racism and sexism in [the Schulman] study was overstated." Undeterred, Schulman went on to say that his study would nevertheless "encourage the medical profession to eliminate unconscious bias that may influence physician's clinical decisions."

Surely what these left-wing assaults on medicine deserve is exposure to light and scorn, which Satel ably provides in this book. ♦

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The Old Compassionate Conservatism

Joel Schwartz shows that fighting poverty with morality isn't a new idea. BY TERRY EASTLAND

Our attitude toward the fight against urban poverty has changed over the past thirty years. Where the "bourgeois life" was once disdained by society's elites, now politicians and policymakers are "much more respectful" of the role certain virtues can play than they were a generation ago.

Fighting Poverty with Virtue
Moral Reform and America's Urban Poor, 1825-2000
by Joel Schwartz
Indiana University Press, 480 pp., $39.95

Or so Joel Schwartz claims in his study *Fighting Poverty with Virtue: Moral Reform and America's Urban Poor, 1825-2000*. A political scientist who has worked in both government and the university, and a former editor at the *Public Interest*, Schwartz has assembled an academic history that will fascinate students of American welfare.

As he shows, the idea that "the poor should fight important battles themselves"—that overcoming poverty requires moral reform—is hardly a new one. In fact, Schwartz identifies "a unified tradition of moral reform" that runs from 1825 into the first years of the twentieth century. It is this tradition, rejected not so many years ago, that has now been revived.

"My goal," Schwartz writes, "is to explain what moral reform was and what it did and did not accomplish; why it was rejected and whether it should have been; and what it now is, how it is now being practiced, and what its prospects for success are." He focuses on four largely forgotten figures: Joseph Tuckerman (1778-1840), a Unitarian minister who served the poor in Boston in the 1820s and 1830s; Robert M. Hartley (1796-1881), an evangelical Protestant who in 1843 established New York's Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor; Charles Loring Brace (1826-1890), a Methodist who in 1854 founded New York's Children's Aid Society (aimed at helping vagrant children living in the streets); and Josephine Shaw Lowell (1843-1905), a Civil War widow from a Unitarian family who in 1882 helped found New York's Charity Organization Society.

While these "moral reformers" differed on tactical and strategic matters, they agreed on a core philosophy, says Schwartz. Opposing the unconditional dole they thought pauperized its recipients, all four believed instead that the poor—whom they regarded as capable of acting rationally to better their situation—should help themselves by practicing the virtues of diligence, sobriety, thrift, and familial responsibility. In other words, the poor should earn pay, avoid drinking, live within their means, work for the sake of their families, and even save.

Schwartz does not reduce the reformers to cardboard preachers. Even while they insisted the poor could be less poor by acting virtuously, they also saw that, as one of them put it, there is a level of material condition "below which character has no opportunity to assert itself." Thus, the reformers also strove to help the poor by finding them work, improving their housing, providing medical assistance and child care, and even creating savings banks. Significantly, while they were supporters of market capitalism, they also were open to public policies that might benefit the poor, such as old-age pensions, workers' compensation, and unionization.

The result, Schwartz argues, is that the moral reformers found a "third way" long before that term was applied—a way that takes into account both moral and material factors in understanding and attacking poverty. Today, he adds, most efforts to fight poverty assume this "reasonable middle ground," which denies both that the poor are in the grip of factors beyond their control and that the poor can improve their condition completely on their own.

In the early years of the twentieth century, however, these reformers' insistence on helping the poor help themselves was consciously rejected by critics of market capitalism. The key figures whom Schwartz treats are Jane Addams (1860-1935), the leader of the settlement-house movement, and Walter Rauschenbusch (1861-1918), the Social Gospel advocate. Both held that the poor were poor primarily for social reasons—and thus could be helped only by the transformation of the society, through policies addressing unemployment, overwork, industrial accidents, and the like.

By the 1960s and early 1970s, when the welfare state reached its most ambitious phases, the idea of asking the poor to help themselves was routinely dismissed. In an insightful chapter, Schwartz points out how the most influential anti-poverty figures of those years—William Ryan, who wrote *Blaming the Victim*, and Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward, who together wrote *Regulating the Poor*—did not even bother to argue against moral reform. Simply assuming its irrelevance, they held entirely to the teachings of Addams and Rauschenbusch that poverty is a societal problem requiring societal solutions.

Terry Eastland's books include Ending Affirmative Action *(1996) and* Freedom of Expression in the Supreme Court *(2000).*

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In reading *Fighting Poverty with Virtue*, one is struck by how quickly that 1970s view has come to seem dated. The "single-minded focus on structural and environmental reform," Schwartz dryly notes, "has proven to be an ineffective antipoverty policy." It would be hard to imagine anyone seriously contending today, as Piven and Cloward did in 1971, that "the expansion of welfare rolls is the true relief reform."

Indeed, it was exactly the failure of expanded welfare rolls (which peaked in 1994) that helped motivate the search for new policy. Today those rolls have been cut in half—thanks to various reforms, including the major federal overhaul enacted in 1996, which generally embrace the moral reformers' view that virtuous behavior is necessary for exiting poverty.

Of course, there still remains open the question of what effect this new attempt at moral reform will have. Schwartz provides reason to think it might work better today than it did in the nineteenth century: A variety of structural reforms put the poor in a better position today to improve their condition through virtuous behavior. But, as Schwartz recognizes, there is some small but non-trivial portion of the poor that won't respond to moral reform. And poverty today, far more than nineteenth-century poverty, is characterized and explained by the breakdown of the family—for which we seem to have no solution.

It is significant that this book is entitled *Fighting Poverty with Virtue*, rather than *Fighting Poverty with Values*. The moral reformers understood that the civic virtues of diligence, thrift, and sobriety are morally compelling, as virtues by definition are. They are not optional or a matter of choice.

In recovering the teachings of the nineteenth-century moral reformers, we thus are also embracing an "old" morality after several decades of flirtation with the new, relativistic one of values. The latter is a morality that—as we learned by bitter experience, in the context of poverty as elsewhere—finally does not work. ♦

Oracle Corporate Headquarters in Silicon Valley, Corbis.

Yeah or Nah?

Dinesh D'Souza on prosperity and its discontents.

BY NOAH D. OPPENHEIM

Back in October 1999, a company named Inktomi held a celebration in Silicon Valley called "Inktomi Rocks." And back in those days, Inktomi did, in fact, rock. Shares in the technology company were soaring and would soon trade at $240 a piece. Many at the party were millionaires several times over. Economists were announcing the end of the business cycle, the Internet boom was booming, and irrational exuberance ruled the day. To many it seemed the country had discovered, as Dinesh D'Souza puts it, a "perpetual money machine."

The Virtue of Prosperity
Finding Values in an Age of Techno-Affluence
by Dinesh D'Souza
Free Press, 256 pp., $26

Fifteen months later, a share of Inktomi is worth $12, the Federal Reserve is slashing interest rates, and the incoming president is talking of recession. In the last year, the Nasdaq has lost nearly 40 percent of its value. It seems our money machine is not as perpetual as we thought. But it is not D'Souza's fault that his study of the boom, *The Virtue of Prosperity: Finding Values in an Age of Techno-Affluence*, has appeared in this climate of bust—for, at its core, D'Souza's book is not really about the success of Microsoft and Amazon.com, but about enlightened modernity's ongoing crisis.

Those who celebrate the achievements of modern times, D'Souza labels the "Party of Yeah." The yeah-sayers are free-market enthusiasts and techno-utopians, evangelists of a new world where scientists and entrepreneurs will bring peace and prosperity to every corner of the world. The "Party of Nah" is less sanguine. Its left-wing members are dismayed by what they see as the widespread inequality of opportunity and reward, while its right-wing members bemoan the breakdown of morality, family, and community.

These categories are fluid, of course: As the billionaire chairman of Apple, Steve Jobs is the poster-child of yeah—and yet he seems filled with nahs. And their fluidity limits the usefulness of these categories. But

Noah D. Oppenheim is a producer at MSNBC's Hardball with Chris Matthews.

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D'Souza is nonetheless right, to some degree, to treat the yeah-nah distinction seriously. If there has been no thoughtful critique of technological capitalism by our mainstream political candidates, that is only a reflection of our impoverished public discourse. D'Souza deserves credit for his effort to determine "what place technology and wealth should occupy in our pursuit of the good life."

The Virtue of Prosperity treats the problem of inequality first, because it is the easiest to resolve. D'Souza acknowledges that gross inequality would be cause for alarm. But, he argues, severe poverty no longer exists in America. The only inequality that remains is relative: Some drive BMWs, others drive Toyotas. Merit is the primary means by which some pull ahead, and any remaining inequalities are simply the "inevitable byproduct of a free society."

The more interesting question is whether the successful market system fosters moral decay, family breakdown, and the dissolution of community. D'Souza rejects the notion that capitalism itself is necessarily wicked. Yes, entrepreneurs may be motivated by selfishness, but, as Adam Smith observed, the converging of individual interests in the market leads to public good. Besides, exchange encourages empathy, and physical comfort is a prerequisite of virtue. As Benjamin Franklin put it, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

But, D'Souza points out, our particular situation may not be so rosy. Even if our techno-tycoons are, for the most part, morally innocent, they inhabit a world of restless mobility and severed connections. There is no certain correlation between material wealth and personal happiness—and in the midst of our prosperity, happiness seems to be on the decline.

So has our techno-affluence caused our moral disintegration? In the end, D'Souza prefers the explanation that capitalism and technology do no more than expand our choices; when we choose poorly, it is the failure of our cultural, political, and religious institutions.

D'Souza might have done more to probe the connection between our poor choices and our gold-rush mentality. But if he shortchanges the extent to which techno-affluence has exacerbated our current woes, he is right that our predicament is nothing new. In the 1830s, Alexis de Tocqueville saw that Americans would sacrifice stability, camaraderie, and tranquillity to obtain comfort. "In America I have seen the freest and best educated of men in circumstances the happiest to be found in the world; yet it seemed to me that a cloud habitually hung on their brow, and they seemed serious and almost sad even in their pleasures."

If we take our pleasures sadly today, it is for the same reason we always have. Liberal democracy has protected our rights and provided for our needs. But it is silent about the content of the good life. And D'Souza's observation that it is better than the alternative offers little consolation to those of us who no longer feel visceral gratitude that we are not Athenian slaves.

D'Souza's journey in *The Virtue of Prosperity*, which began in Silicon Valley at a very specific historical moment, concludes with a dilemma that could have been stated at the dawn of the previous century. It is the dilemma stated by Max Weber in his essay "Science as a Vocation." How in the modern world, especially in an atmosphere of plenty, can man "give himself an account of the ultimate meaning of his own conduct"? D'Souza offers a tepid endorsement of the philosopher's life and cautions against a eugenic future. But in the end, he offers no solution—only the unsatisfying warning that our yearning may grow more desperate. ♦

Laughing at Augustus

A comic classic slips back into print.

BY MICHAEL DIRDA

Being a reviewer and essayist by trade, I sometimes find myself cornered at cocktail parties—usually by an imposing dowager or a captain of industry and almost never, alas, by the twenty-something debutante with big blue eyes. Without fail, the matron or her husband will ask me to reel off the titles of my favorite books. At such awkward moments I usually murmur politely "Boswell's *Life of Johnson*" or "Chekhov's short stories" or "Montaigne's essays." Conventional, unexceptional choices.

Augustus Carp, Esq.
By Himself,
Being the Autobiography of a Really Good Man
by Sir Henry Howarth Bashford
Prion, 231 pp., $15.95

Michael Dirda, a writer and senior editor for the Washington Post Book World, *is the author of* Readings: Essays and Literary Entertainments *(Indiana Univ. Press). He received the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for criticism.*

But occasionally, after a beakerful of the warm South too many, I will grow frolicsome and name P.G. Wodehouse's *Leave It to Psmith* or Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm* or Stanley Elkin's *The Dick Gibson Show*. I love books that make me laugh, and I especially love books that do this through a stylish command of language. Wodehouse shoots forth two or three dizzying similes per page ("He drank coffee with the air of a man who regretted it was not hemlock"), Gibbons stocks her single classic with outrageous English hillbillies, and Elkin dazzles by transforming the talk of bailbondsmen and elderly Jewish widows into a kind of prose poetry.

In such a mood, I also frequently mention *Augustus Carp, Esq.*, sometimes called "the funniest unknown

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book in the world." The novelist Anthony Burgess even dubbed it "one of the great comic novels of the twentieth century." For once, Burgess doesn't exaggerate. This brilliant, brilliant work is a masterpiece of sustained irony. The book purports to be the autobiography of a really good man, a "Xtian" (always so spelled) of the most high-minded rectitude. It is also the unconscious portrait of a monster of hypocrisy and religious smugness.

Actually, of two monsters, for Augustus takes after his father in his devotion to Xtian principles. Here is Augustus Carp Sr. as described by his son:

> Somewhat under lower middle height, my father, even as a boy, had been inclined to corpulence, a characteristic inherited by myself, that he succeeded in retaining to the end of his life. Nor did he ever lose—or not to any marked extent—either the abundant hair that grew upon his scalp, his glossy and luxurious mustache, or his extraordinarily powerful voice. This was a deep bass that in moments of emotion became suddenly converted into a high falsetto, and he never hesitated, in a cause that he deemed righteous, to employ it to its full capacity. Always highly colored, and the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally large and well-modeled nose, my father's eyes were of a singularly pale, unwinking blue, while in his massive ears, with their boldly outstanding rims, resided the rare faculty of independent motion.

Seduced by the assured voice and that elegant syntax, a reader might almost miss the fact that Augustus Carp Sr. is short ("somewhat under lower middle height"), fat, and hairy—a blustery, hysterical loudmouth with a Durante nose and Mickey Mouse ears.

He's also a supercilious zealot:

> For with his ruthless determination, inherited by myself, to discover and expose every kind of wrong-doing, with his lifelong habit of informing those in authority of any dereliction of duty in themselves and their subordinates, and with the passion for truth that compelled him on every occasion instantly to correct what he deemed the reverse, my father had necessarily but little leisure to cultivate the easy art of friendship. Amongst his acquaintances, indeed, there were but few that even remotely approximated to his standards; and he had found none that his conscience had permitted him to select for the purposes of personal friendship.

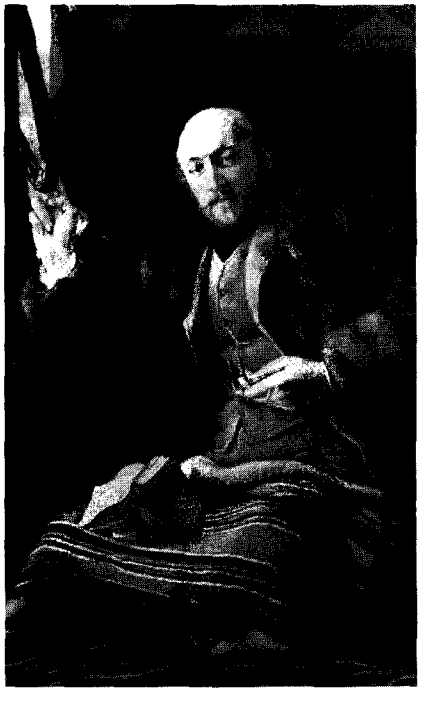
In other words, the man is such a prig and snitch that nobody can stand to be around him. And as if this weren't enough, Carp Senior also treats his wife as a household drudge: "From the time of his marriage to the day of my birth, and as soon thereafter as the doctor had permitted her to rise, my father had been in the habit of enabling my mother to provide him with an early cup of tea. . . . Clean in her habits, quiet about the house, and invariably obedient to his slightest wish, he had very seldom indeed, as he often told me, seriously regretted his choice of a wife." That word "enabling" shows genius, though some readers may prefer the more subtle virtuosity of "seriously."

Deadpan humor garbed in a heightened style should be hard to sustain, yet Henry Howarth Bashford (1880-1961) manages with utter ease. But who, you ask, was this Bashford? A doctor by training, Sir Henry produced only this single work of fiction (in 1924) and devoted the rest of his life to a successful career in medicine, writing occasional pieces for the *Lancet* and rising to become honorary physician to King George VI. In fact, nobody even knew he was the author of *Augustus Carp* until after his death, for the book was at first published anonymously. One wonders at the Xtian humility that would allow a man to go through life without letting the world know he was the author of a comic masterpiece.

Given to gastric disorders even as a baby ("I suffered from indigestion in two main directions"), our hero, Carp Junior, grows up susceptible to "several forms of neurasthenia, a marked tendency to eczema, occipital headaches, sour eructations, and flatulent distension of the abdomen." He also possesses feet "of an exceptional length and breadth and almost imperceptible arches."

Though intended at first for the Church, Augustus discovers that "to become ordained presupposed an examination, and I had been seriously handicapped in this particular respect by a proven disability, probably hereditary in origin, to demonstrate my culture in so confined a form." In other words, the boy is stupid.

Unscrupulous as well. Under the guise of moral suasion, the two Carps



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blackmail a philandering school headmaster into helping young Augustus secure a position with a religious publishing house, distributors of such titles as *Gnashers of Teeth* and *Without Are Dogs*. Soon, the fanatic young Carp is spending his evenings passing out tracts for the Peckham Branch of the Non-Smokers' League, the Kensington Division of the Society for the Prohibition of the Strong Drink Traffic, and the Anti-Dramatic and Saltatory Union. This last brings our pious lad into an association with Ezekiel Stool:

> No taller than myself, and weighing considerably less, he had suffered all his life from an inherent dread of shaving, and the greater portion of his face was in consequence obliterated by a profuse but gentle growth of hair. His voice, too, owing to some developmental defect, had only partially broken; and indeed his father Abraham (afterwards removed to an asylum) had on more than one occasion attempted to sacrifice him, under the mistaken impression that he was some sort of animal that would be suitable as a burnt offering.

Ah, Abraham Stool! Not only the author of *Did Wycliffe Waltz?*, he is also the recipient of my favorite sentence in a book chockablock with memorable sentences. Augustus has been invited to dinner, having saved Ezekiel from being set afire on Guy Fawkes Day. All the Stools are at table, including the five exceptionally plain daughters, the somber assembly overseen by their father, who pays special attention to Augustus. "Mr. Abraham Stool, indeed, who had not then been segregated, but who was already under the impression that he was the Hebrew patriarch, several times insisted upon my approaching him and placing my hand under his left thigh, after which he would offer me, in addition to Mrs. Stool, a varying number of rams and goats."

Shortly after his meeting with the Stools, Augustus describes his father's heroic but ultimately vain struggle to rid their church—St. James the Least of All—from the influence of a fishmonger named Carkeek. There follows Augustus's own fruitless attempt to rescue the chorus girl Mary Moonbeam from the depravity of the stage, a noble act repaid by the darkest chicanery. Happily, this "memoir" ends with our hero married, dwelling in the country with his wife and her four sisters, listening to the incomprehensible sermons of Rev. Simeon Whey, and ready to write the book we have just read:

> It is customary, I have noticed, in publishing an autobiography to preface it with some sort of apology. But there are times, and surely the present is one of them, when to do so is manifestly unnecessary. In an age when every standard of decent conduct has either been torn down or is threatened with destruction; when every newspaper is daily reporting scenes of violence, divorce and arson; when quite young girls smoke cigarettes and even, I am assured, sometimes cigars; when mature women, the mothers of unhappy children, enter the sea in one-piece bathing-costumes; and when married men, the heads of households, prefer the flicker of the cinematograph to the Athanasian Creed—then it is obviously a task, not to be justifiably avoided, to place some higher example before the world.

All serious readers should thank Prion Humour Classics for returning this incomparable book to print. ♦

All pictures: Yale University Press.

Three paintings by James Tissot. Above, London Visitors *(1874). Opposite, top:* The Convalescent *(c. 1878), below:* Gentleman in a Railway Carriage *(1872).*

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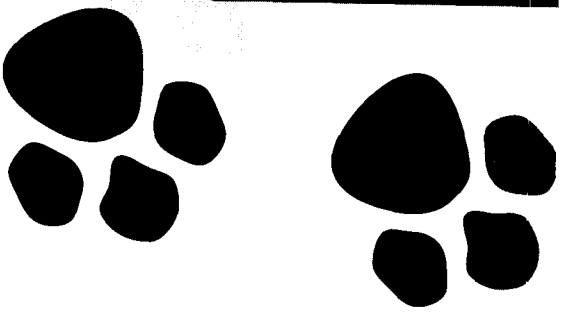
Bill and Hillary Clinton may not keep Socks, the cat, when they leave the White House, but may give him to secretary Betty Currie.
—*News item*



Book Proposal
Socks: A Cat Scorned
by Socks Clinton
Represented by Mort Janklow, Literary Agent
Auction date: February 5, 2001

Socks came to Washington with high ideals. With his masters, Bill and Hillary Clinton, he hoped to serve the nation, to help build a bridge to the 21st century, especially in regards to issues concerning Feline-Americans. Public service was not always easy. Socks had many lonely days in the White House, even by cat standards. But the dream that sustained him during those dark times was based on the promises the president and first lady made to him: After the White House, after Chelsea had gone off to college, Socks would be Number 1 in their hearts. They would move to a small house in Arkansas and spend their remaining days together, playing with balls of string.

But that dream was shattered. One day this past January, Vernon Jordan swung by the White House and took Socks out for a ride in his limousine. As they cruised around Washington, Mr. Jordan informed Socks that there was no room for him in the Clintons' new $3 million Washington home. Mrs. Clinton was afraid he would scratch the cherry wainscotting. Socks was to go home with Betty Currie, the keeper of the Bimbos. Socks assumed that Ms. Currie would take Socks to the animal shelter and put him in that box that sucks all the oxygen out of the victims' lungs.

It was a horrible moment for Socks. He saw his lives flash before his eyes. Fortunately Socks had taken some precautions, as insurance for the future. Socks had seen what the Clintons had done to Kathleen Willey's dog. He knew that sometimes members of the pet community were sacrificed. So over the years, Socks had crept around the White House, seizing key documents, hiding them for safekeeping under his litter box.

In the midst of their term, the Clintons forced Socks to contribute to a book they hoped to publish, Dear Socks. Socks found the project demeaning, and not fully reflective of his literary talents. "Barbara Bush got a bestseller out of her dog, I'll be damned if I'm not going to get one out of you!" Hillary had screeched during one of their confrontations, before throwing a lamp. But the project did allow Socks greater access to the First Lady's personal papers. One day while Socks was sneaking off with the Rose Law Firm billing records, Hillary came and startled him. Socks had to drop the records and pretend to be chasing a fly.

It was a close call, and from then on Socks worked only at night. Now Socks is ready to reveal the true story of the White House, as seen from 9 inches off the ground: the scandals, the lies, the sex, and the turmoil. Socks doesn't want to exploit the Clintons for personal gain. Rather he wants to tell a dignified story of ambition, lust, and betrayal that will nail those Homo Sapiens bastards to the wall.

Socks will deliver a manuscript of 120,000 words on or about May 2002, for release just prior to Mrs. Clinton's own book. He is requesting payment in the form of tuna, one third upon signing, one third upon completion of a first draft, and one third

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Europe—One Number for the New President to Call?

Timothy Garton Ash is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

While the United States has been trying to settle on a new president, the European Union (EU) has been trying to find a new structure. The new structure is necessary as the EU prepares to absorb the states of the eastern half of Europe, a historic undertaking that will eventually double the union's size. But **what kind of partner will the resulting EU-rope be for the United States?** Will this be a United States of Europe? Will there be one phone number that the U.S. president can call?

The EU summit in Nice in early December indicated the likely answer. In five days of extraordinary horse trading between the leaders of the current 15 member states, ending with a round of exhausted applause at 4:25 in the morning, the EU took significant steps toward both greater integration and enlargement. It agreed on the terms for a European Rapid Reaction Force to intervene in future Kosovos, which will serve as a complement to NATO.

The EU also agreed to more use of so-called qualified majority voting on a range of issues internal to the Union. The use of new voting weights was designed not just for existing members but for twelve countries, from Poland to Malta and Estonia to Romania, that are currently negotiating to join the union. This was the subject of the fiercest wrangling: Should Germany have more votes than France, or Spain than Poland? How should the balance be struck between the few large and the many small states in Europe? The bargaining, all conducted behind closed doors, reminded me of a modern Congress of Vienna.

A whole range of countries defended their national vetoes in particular fields: the French on cultural imports (against U.S. cultural hegemony), the Germans on asylum and immigration, the British, Swedes, Luxembourgeons on taxation, and so on.

All national governments in Europe fight fiercely for their national interests. Progress on the big, difficult issues is made by intergovernmental bargaining. European federalists, especially those in the European Parliament and the European Commission, have expressed disappointment at both the process and the result.

"And yet it moves," as Galileo famously remarked. In time, we will see a larger EU. Its member states will do a large number of things together, through supranational institutions, especially in trade and the regulation of economic life. There will also be smaller groups of member states that go further, through intergovernmental cooperation in particular areas. These include such vital matters as the single currency and the abolition of border controls, as well as enhanced environmental protection and foreign policy actions in response to specific crises. In short, **as the EU gets larger, the post-Nice EU will become more complex and polycentric,** with intergovernmental cooperation remaining as important as supranational integration.

So, will there be one phone number for the new U.S. president to call? No. Is that a bad thing? Not necessarily. Better to have a complex structure that works, and commands some minimum of consent from its peoples, than a simple one that doesn't.

— Timothy Garton Ash

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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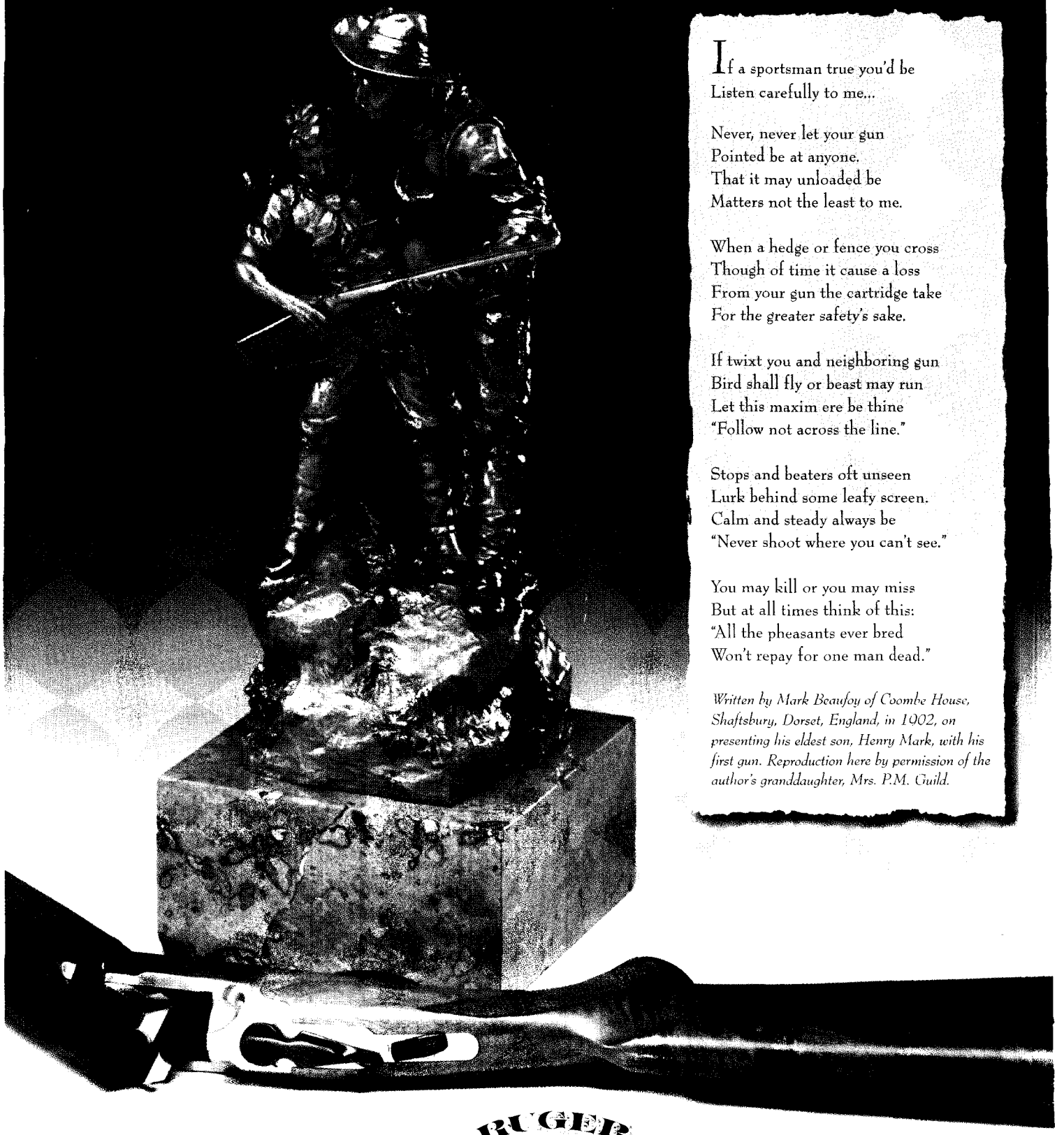
A Father's Advice



If a sportsman true you'd be
Listen carefully to me...

Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone.
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross
Though of time it cause a loss
From your gun the cartridge take
For the greater safety's sake.

If twixt you and neighboring gun
Bird shall fly or beast may run
Let this maxim ere be thine
"Follow not across the line."

Stops and beaters oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen.
Calm and steady always be
"Never shoot where you can't see."

You may kill or you may miss
But at all times think of this:
"All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead."

Written by Mark Beaufoy of Coombe House, Shaftsbury, Dorset, England, in 1902, on presenting his eldest son, Henry Mark, with his first gun. Reproduction here by permission of the author's granddaughter, Mrs. P.M. Guild.

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